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The making of her journey

ENID BAGNOLD: *Enid Bagnold's Autobiography*. 293pp. Heinemann. 22 16s.

In one sense, all creative writers write only of themselves, even when by the gift of empathy they get so inside their characters that it is the creature rather than the creator who is more memorable. But Enid Bagnold does not pretend to such impersonation. She has always only written about herself. Her first book, *A Diary without Dates*, was straight reportage, and got her sacked from hospital immediately. Her novels were written out of personal experience. *The Happy Foreigner* (1920) and *The Squire* (1938), republished in 1954 as *The Girl's Journey* (Mon build their own lives: but no girl knows her journey), are very different in mood. The first is a fleeting love story against the grim ending of the First World War. The second, curiously remote from the pre-occupations of most people on the eve of the Second World War, is concerned with coping "with all that comes, running two houses, the batch of terrible servants you find in *The Squire*, having the children (which was a wild surprise for me and a demonic absorption for a long time), trying to write... never letting a day go by in all these years that I didn't somehow do some writing from ten am till one".

This she wrote to Arthur Calder-Marshall for the introduction of *The Girl's Journey*. Her autobiography admits a curious isolation from the political realities of the 1930s. As the wife of Sir Roderick Jones, the head of Reuters, the intimate friend of Count Albrecht Bernstorff, she ought to have known better in 1933 than to visit Hitler's Germany and write a pro-Nazi article for *The Times*. "I was tremendously attacked and very surprised... Rebecca West, for whom I have enormous respect, rounded on me at the head of some stairs leading away from a party." Lady Violet Bonham Carter pursued her across the Savoy Grill "with that curious pecking action too close to the face". Looking back, she excuses herself: "I was no more naive over Hitler's Germany than the Left were over Stalin's Russia."

But she was more naive than her neighbours in Hyde Park Gate: Jacob Epstein because his race was threatened, and Winston Churchill because civilization was. It was not surprising that a number of people in the different circles within which she moved felt that she was an outsider.

And so indeed she was, has always been, and still is, not from knowing too few people but too many in different social contexts, without the art of drawing them together, perhaps because, being a girl, she has not built her own life, but has made her journey unsure of destination.

Her father was in the Royal Engineers, ending up as a Colonel, an admirably integrated chap, who when posted to Jamaica got the family installed in the magnificent, run-down Cold Spring House (at £24 per annum) and when posted to Woolwich bought a splendid, but equally cheap, place on Shooters Hill. He sent Enid to school at Haslemere, with Aldous Huxley's mother as Headmistress, because the soil was sandy. Aged twelve, she asked nine-year-old Aldous, "What did you do today?" When he did not answer, she repeated the question. He answered, "I heard you the first time."

I didn't meet him again for forty years. "You were very frightening, Aldous. He gave me a very sweet smile," I'm frightening still."

Julian wasn't frightening, with whom she swapped poems. Nor were the daughters of literary "greats", like Gilbert Murray, Maurice Hewlett and Conna Doyle. Triumphant Enid won the prize for poetry, despite her clowning and puppy-fat that

feminine equivalent of the adolescent male's nose.

Back in Shooters Hill, via a botch-up finishing school in Marburg and a splendid one in Neuilly, poet Enid looked for the shortest route out of the Sappers and Gunners. It moved in next door, when Catherine d'Erlanger thought it would be such fun to take an out-of-town place which made her guests drive up the Old Kent Road. Enid secured an entrée as the girl from next door and her *rentrée* as a "writer". So it has always happened with greater writers such as Dickens and D. H. Lawrence, from far lower backgrounds. Art gives a pass-key to many different mansions.

The first which Enid Bagnold entered was in Chelsea (four girls sharing a flat at 3s. 7d. a week each). What might be to meet Henri Gaudier (of whom Miss Bagnold wrote superbly, even though Gaudier thought of her only as a rich girl who by paying £3 for a plaster cast of her head would enable him to do some real work). This head is now worth about £3,000 which shows what it meant to be a rich girl living in a flat at 3s. 7d. a week in 1907.

Enid had a yearly allowance of £75 and took a job on *Modern Society* under Frank Harris to double her income. She lost her virginity with Harris before he went to quod and she went back to Shooters Hill.

Her world of Chelsea embraced Sickert, Lovat Fraser, Ralph Hodgson, W. H. Davies, Dan Rids, Katherine Mansfield. But though "no girl knows her journey", she knew that she did not want the sort of squallor of Gaudier, in Chelsea. Catherine d'Erlanger had shown her a grander way out from Woolwich, and Prince Antoine Bibesco, who was in love with her for three days and with whom she was in love longer, showed her the way she chose to go.

At the age of thirty, after having turned down several suitors, she was proposed to by the head of Reuters, Sir Roderick Jones, twelve years older than herself, a very small man, very rich, dynamic, busy and powerful. He swept her off her feet: not so much by passion as by the pressure of his engagements. A marriage of convenience, in which when his bride confessed her earlier lovers, Sir Roderick pondered, "All those pretty girls I've known—would they have slept with me?" It proved toughly durable. Lots of rows. Four children. Incompatibilities. Must we have those four Japanese princes when Desmond MacCarthy would be so much more amusing? Would he?

Desmond was a bone of contention. Sir Roderick liked facts, precise, telegraphic. Sir Desmond ideas sustained on the tenuous festival structures of his prose. Lady Jones loved them both, her husband loyally, Desmond artistically. The Irish charmer who told her that Dr. Johnson said one should never be afraid of boring, but seldom did.

The ambiguity of her position (her mature?) was built into the reconstruction of 29 Hyde Park Gate. The hayloft was turned into the largest nursery in London. The dining room was equipped with two round tables, a long seat and a round ten people, both necessary at times for the guests of Sir Roderick and Lady Jones. But where would Enid Bagnold write? Sir Edward Lyttons

ended by fastening a room like a ship's cabin into a niche above the drawing room. It had two doors and one was a silence door, padded with something impenetrable and very thick. We invented a wooden label. "Stop and think whether your errand is really necessary."

She jealously guarded the three hours a day needed by Enid Bagnold for writing against the demands of her children and her duties as Lady Jones. In the literary world she was regarded as a society woman; and her finest novel, *The Loved and Envid*, was discounted because none of its characters had to worry about money, or its lack.

Though Enid Bagnold protests that she cannot waste the end of her life telling anecdotes about interesting people, much of the early and middle section of this book is devoted to stories which seem to have been polished over years of dinner table raconteur. The result is cool, amusing, but detached. The author does not come, or want us to come, to nearly such close quarters with herself as she does in her novels. It is only towards the end, with the retirement of Sir Roderick from Reuters and her turning from novel-writing (that solitary, but satisfying employment) to the glamour and heartbreak of the theatre, that this autobiography quickens, with emotion.

She takes us through the agonies of writing and rewriting to reconcile the demands of what she wishes to say, and what the producer/director would like said and the actors/actresses are capable of saying. Starting with Gladys Cooper as intimate "Enid", she becomes "Miss Bagnold", "Lady Jones" and at last "Lady J.". But on the opening night in New York, Gladys Cooper magnificently delivers her (Enid's) lines in *The Chalk Garden*. In New York, also, Margaret Leighton (in her thirties triumphantly impersonates a woman of seventy, in *The Chinese Prince Minister*, while Edith Evans in the same part in London succeeds much less well.

Every writer who copes with death has to touch this terrible old nuisance with a new wand. Mine, in that play, was a wand. The curiosity about death of the living.

The old butler of a hundred (Alan Webb) pops lightly in and out of death. He dies twice. You can't over a man who dies twice. It must mean something else.

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Toughs at the top

MICHAEL FELD: *Super Shelley's* (New Kamp. 290pp. Alan Ross. 30s.

Once again Michael Feld explores the world of London townies in sin—properly. In *The Subliminal* he, the monist villain, with tenacity everywhere, was a television personality called Muddug, "the inquirer of England". This time he is a Napoleon of crime called Super Shelley, known to be a company director. His brother keeps a book of press cuttings about his mergers "and presents as chairman of this and that".

She leant over him, something like a big time charity tipster. How about his charity by stealth. How about his 25,000 winnings won by buying artificial limbs for no children from his tubular steel legs? He set up in an underdeveloped and bringing employment to men by doing a day's work and people had got together and pre-sent a 20,000-watt carglass as a vote of esteem and

pride: then the little scene is over. We move on to Mr. Bridge's secret satisfaction perhaps at seeing his two daughters, Ruth and Carolyn, just after they've been fighting.

Thinking about it he was secretly a little pleased. He could not bring himself to lay a hand on Carolyn when she became objectionable, but he suspected Ruth might have taught her a lesson. Mr. Connell sums up countless familiar family situations with this sort of quiet exactness.

Walter Bridge is the kind of man E. M. Forster has always been so concerned about: he cannot connect. We see him mainly in a family context, and there is never warmth or humaneness in his relationships either with his wife or his son or his two daughters. He is never less than dutiful, never less than a generous provider, but what he provides is somehow always too solidly sensible ever to be fun. He gives his daughter, for example, some share certificates as a present, on the grounds that a portfolio must be better value than a handbag. He lives in Kansas City. He has been poured into the mould

That passage is representative of Feld's style and irony.

The American writer, Ronald Sukenick, recently wrote a novel called *Up* about a novelist's failure to write a sick fantasy about an all-American gangster superman called Strop Bunally: the whole project was too shaming, too self-indulgent. Michael Feld lacks qualms. Strop Bunally lives not only in Super Shelley but in his nephew, Howie—who "understood the wounding power of everyday things. Pennies, bricks, thousands of them. For Howie was a great disciple of the dago way of fighting". Howie is employed as a rent collector. ("Proliferating British samurai, they all relied on Howie... lowest of the low, earning mints for knocking people about and seeing them coughed up, and teaching them lessons.") This tough tracks down and menaces his wealthy uncle Alec, whom he hated in youth, and discovers that Alec is now Super Shelley who runs the country—at

least the money-making blocks of it. Apart from his business activities, he has been guiding Howie's career.

Who do you think squired your exile, and your profitable rent collecting agency up north? ... Why the law could have Howie a per and this is the appreciation he gets. ... Howie sobbed, over-come at Super's strength and glamour. This climax is rather like that of the current popular song, "A Boy Named Sue". But Michael Feld's social and cultural references belong to an earlier period, a 1940s childhood, with Carmen Miranda and Edgar Bergen. A girl in a modern leather miniskirt has *Film Fun* legs. The B.B.C. style of Raymond Glendenning is evoked. "Make it a day to remember for British boxing", observes a friend, watching Howie beat his grand-mother. "Come in, W. Barrington Tallboy. It's the old story of a good big up against a good little up. Yes, now the claret is beginning to flow." Michael Feld's rough, slick style is no bad medium for expressing, humorously, a general disgust.

Dead dutiful

MR. CONNELL, Jr.: *Mr. Bridge* (New Kamp. 22 2s.

and insect achieves wonders as the patient piling up of tiny bits. Mr. Connell might be called the coral insect among five; and when she writes her writing he betrays the naivety of which she has felt throughout the past half century be falsely accused.

continuity is provided only by characters, who appear for a moment caught in some dramatic attitude, dissolve, and disappear, leaving only a faint echo of their existence. There are 157 sections in *Mr. Bridge*, none of them in any conventional narrative, yet combining to create a durable and fascinating work.

Walter Bridge is the kind of man E. M. Forster has always been so concerned about: he cannot connect. We see him mainly in a family context, and there is never warmth or humaneness in his relationships either with his wife or his son or his two daughters. He is never less than dutiful, never less than a generous provider, but what he provides is somehow always too solidly sensible ever to be fun. He gives his daughter, for example, some share certificates as a present, on the grounds that a portfolio must be better value than a handbag. He lives in Kansas City. He has been poured into the mould

of American, Middle-west, ad hoc morality and he has set hard. Underneath the unyielding outer crust his lusts for a scene, but never enough to force a crack.

With Mr. Connell's commentary and criticism are always implicit. Is Bridge a monster? Or a joke? Or a model? Perhaps a bit of all three. But the final impression left with the reader of this subtle, most beautifully composed novel is that of a man stunted and pointlessly deprived. Lawrence's great words in *A Proposal of Lady Chatterley* might have been running in Mr. Connell's head as he wrote this book:

The body's life is the life of sensation and emotions. The body feels real hunger, real thirst, real joy in the sun or the snow, real pleasure in the smell of roses, the look of a blue-bird; real anger, real sorrow, real love, real tenderness, real warmth, real passion, real hate, real grief. All the emotions belong to the body, and are only recognized by the mind.

One is made to feel that deep down Mr. Bridge might recognize the truth of this, while always, in practice, shying away from it.

ales of the ur-Hemingway

CRANE: *Bowery Tales* (New Kamp. 277pp. 27s. 6d. J. C. Levenson, ed. and Fredson Bowers, Charles: University Press of

Crane's reputation is safe thanks to the efforts of John Galsworthy and others. Crane is a typical action-dopier, the way both in work and in life. He was a mass of paradoxes: a sane obsessive, an emotional child-worshipper and a poet, a poet of all of whose here lyrics and all of whose here short stories.

one wonders, though, is how he read outside the universal. Crane is like the British public he is not at all because he was a H. G. Wells and Conrad influenced, or because he was a time in mad insolvent at Brode Place and had to leave to go, but because of the words of his work? The very looked at first rather than a pace of his prose just again and again as it is in a rainbow spray of shocks. The "World's volume of ten years ago did not include in the Oxford book, but now appearing in the other Virgin volume with the *Tales of Hemingway*, the childhood stories, in

which Crane recalled Port Jervis? This masterly story of how an inane but brave Negro coachman becomes the unconscious and unrecognized martyr for a "tolerant" provincial community gathers extra force today from all that has happened since it was written between white and black in New Jersey and elsewhere, apart from its revealing pattern of rescue motifs analysed by Berryman. The difference of depth between it and most of the other Whilomville tales is enormous. If American readers recall Booth Tarkington when reading about the antics of Jimmie Trescott and the Whilomville gang, English ones may find the benign presence of the late Richard Crompton hard to suppress.

The separate volumes contain literary introductions to each work less sparky than Berryman but sound and factual enough; in addition to these there are a series of textual introductions, in the formidable hands of Fredson Bowers, comparing manuscripts (where they exist) with various printed versions. This all means a great many fibrous outer leaves before you reach the soft delectable Galsworthy heart, and there will undoubtedly be readers who will find the bibliographical since a little too vinegary for their palate. But if America wishes to honour one of her greatest literary sons with the full three-rossette merit of her best scholarly editions who are we to decline an invitation to the

When the whole edition is complete, will V. S. Pritchett still be able to say, as he does in his Oxford introduction, that Crane burnt himself out after he wrote *The Red Badge of Courage*? What about *The Morning Star*, written some years later and not included in the Oxford book, but now appearing in the other Virgin volume with the *Tales of Hemingway*, the childhood stories, in

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TAVISTOCK PUBLICATIONS

Imperfect, inactive

ANTONIO PIZZUTO: *Testamento*.
187pp. Milan: Mondadori. L.2,000.

Antonio Pizzuto was born in Palermo in 1893. He spent most of his life in public administration and achieved the rank of *questore*, Chief of Police in a province—a position roughly equivalent to that of Chief Constable of an English county. He only took up writing seriously after his retirement to Rome, and his first book, *Signorina Rosina*, was published in 1956. A translation by William Weaver of the first chapter of this book, which gives an excellent idea of Pizzuto's earliest manner, appeared in the *London Magazine* of March, 1968. *Signorina Rosina* was rapidly followed by *Si riparo nella bambola* (1960), *Ravenina* (1962), *Paghetta* (1964) and *Sinfonia* (1966).

According to Pizzuto he is a narrator as opposed to a novelist. The novelist turns people into documents, presents an action and describes the course of events. Pizzuto treats his characters as witnesses of events in which the narrator and the reader are both participants. The

perfect tense is therefore banned by Pizzuto and so, to some extent, is the present tense.

The imperfect tense does duty for both of them, because it indicates a vague duration of time, analogous to that of Bergson. Pizzuto's language and style are extremely original, but they develop partly in an archaizing manner. His prose resembles Latin in as much as he uses the ablative absolute and the historical infinitive, but he offsets this with a Greek freedom of syntax. In the opinion of Gianfranco Contini, Pizzuto has accomplished in language what the Futurists, in particular Marinetti, set out to do, but achieved only partially.

Certainly Pizzuto's extensive research into language, his rigorous practice and his individual and unpredictable vocabulary, outdo even the "novissimi". It is, however, dangerous to take his work at his own valuation or even that of Gianfranco Contini. His anarchic forms of expression and his self-inflicting attitudes conceal a "literary" imagination, and a limited one at that. His writing is so calculated, his irony so mechanical, that were it not for

his splendid sense of comedy, his work would be unreal and lacking significance.

The *Testamento* consists of "poetic" narratives, independent but connected through intertextual ideas, like themes in music. The vignettes are possibly intended to resemble musical *mozzart*, but we find a loosely-knit *sinfonietta* formed by the topocia of children's voices and somnolent buzzing of adult voices. The characters move with a languor, express themselves in Mediterranean sentimentality, reluctant to act and unwilling to involve themselves. This is perhaps due to the fact that Pizzuto has deprived himself of every moral and cognitive tool. Whereas Gadda's society is a static and conservative, his is something alluring in its coloured, rarefied and repellent. It has something of the feeling that we find in going to endless series of bottles, as painted by Morandi.

Boxing with shadows

PATRICK MODIANO: *La Ronde de nuit*. 175pp. Paris: Gallimard. 13fr.

La Ronde de nuit is round two of Patrick Modiano's agile contest with the myths of the war years which he is just too young to have experienced. His first novel, *La Place de l'Étoile*, was a blistering trial by jury of certain stereotypes—Proust, Dreyfus, the Action Française, etc.—inaccessible for any alert and well-read young Frenchman. In *La Ronde de nuit*, M. Modiano has moved on to the Occupation, about which the legends and the literature must now be oppressive enough fully to validate his colish glee in measuring himself against them.

His narrator is a young man of suitably flexible identity who finds himself shuttling between extremes; on the one, perhaps the left, hand there is a band of seedy *collaborateurs*, on the other or right hand a group of

high-minded patriots. With a wicked symmetry he is enrolled by both organizations so that he can infiltrate and betray the other. The collaborators are cosmopolitan layabouts lifted straight from the "high-life" of the 1930s, languishing in scruffy night-clubs and swilling black-market champagne. The *résistants* are patriotic and austere but introduced too summarily into *La Ronde de nuit* to be an adequate counterweight for their picturesque opponents.

The narrator struggles with his emotional inadequacy and recognizes no strong feelings in himself beyond those of pity and panic. His pity drives him to invent the bizarre companionship for himself of two insubstantial freaks who never speak and keep crumbling into dust, his panic to denounce both the resistance group and himself, so that he leaves *La Ronde de nuit* as unloved as he entered it, pursued by his squalid allies.

One way of appreciating the novel

is as a dissection of the *travelling* soul, which is shown to be, before by Joseph Conrad, logically inert. But a more accurate way to enjoy *La Ronde de nuit* is as M. Modiano's waspish attack on his own difficulties in respect to the immediate past, with its unreal poles of ignominy and ban. The two novels which the young writer has published in him as one of the most of French "pop" writers, who is cleverly restricted to prose flocks.

H.G. Wells

His Turbulent
Life and TimesLovat
Dickson

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"Mr. Dickson goes far towards showing Wells the round, as a man, and indicating his strengths and weaknesses as a writer" A. P. Ryan, *Times Saturday Review*

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MACMILLAN

Vain quest

JES MOCH: *Destin de la paix*. 200pp. Paris: Mercure de France.

quest for peace on earth has been an everlasting one, as Jules Moch amply demonstrates in his book. He falls in the Mycenaean Age of the eighteenth-century Communist Manifesto in 1969. Almost every chapter in the quest is characterized by a chapter between, a chapter being devoted to his indefatigable work as France's representative in the disarmament negotiations. Although he never ceases to despair—the negative way to despair—the negative way must be "he does not believe that the quest has been not

reluctant and dispassionate quarter of a century leads M. Moch to two conclusions. The first is that progress must be made at the same time in technical disarmament about weapons and in negotiations about international disarmament. The second is that disarmament must be accompanied by a corresponding control, so that every violation of the basic principles adopted by the international community, conclusions are neither original, dramatic, though it is useful to be supported by an exhaustive examination of the whole problem, has evolved since the Second

World War. Is there is the prospect? M. Moch is a temperamental optimist, but his discouraging experiences lead him to believe that the quest for peace is a vain quest.

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Political strategist

ROBERT J. O'NEILL: *General Giap: Politician and Strategist*. 219pp. Cassell. £2 10s.

Those who have read Major O'Neill's first and second books—*The German Army and the Nazi Party*, which has become the standard work on the subject, and *Vietnam Task*, his illuminating first-hand account of Australian military action in Vietnam—cannot fail to be disappointed by his fourth. The present attempt to patch together an account of Vo Nguyen Giap fails, and not only because material is scarce. The author has of course assembled the few facts that are known about Giap's early life and about his part in the early development of the Viet Minh, and he has dealt with the conventional aspects of the First Indochina War—less well by a long way than the late Bernard Fall—but in a form more suitable for his students at the Royal Military College in Australia. The political significance of Giap, on the other hand, escapes him, and hence the real nature of the war in Vietnam.

The Vietnamese leader's strength is not so much military—though military success is required for his purpose, and he was militarily more competent in 1954 than in 1951, as Major O'Neill says. The genius, if such there is, lies in political flair at three levels: in the exploitation of the xenophobic nationalism of the Vietnamese to create the Viet Minh military machine; and in the subordination of military to political considerations, both in the control of the countryside and in the achievement of strategic political ends. It might be said, for example, that Giap's biggest victories have not been militarily decisive battles; their importance has lain rather in their effect

on Western public opinion through the exploitation of the news media. As he has no mass media snapping at his own heels, this is a weapon that cannot easily be turned against him.

It would be tempting to regard the fiery suicides of 1963, which undoubtedly played their part in toppling Diem, as a non-military aspect of this, but it is by no means certain that the suicides were organized except within the Buddhist movement itself. A humbler instance will suffice to begin with. In December, 1953, when feeling in France against the Indochina War was already strong and the lines were being drawn for Dien Bien Phu, a Viet Minh force crossed the Annamite Chain where Laos is narrowest, and occupied Thakhek on the Laotian bank of the Mekong river. The force left after a few days, threatened the main French garrison in Central Laos—which had to be reinforced to the detriment of French operations elsewhere—and moved off. But the effect had been achieved—in the press. Laos, about whose security French opinion was particularly sensitive, had been "cut in two", the communists had reached the Mekong frontier of Thailand, the trumpets of panic sounded in Paris. Official military statements, however truthful, that this was only a deep area of little permanent military significance, never undid the damage to French morale and to the French will to continue the war.

Dien Bien Phu itself was not a decisive battle; its effect on French military capability in Indochina was comparatively slight. But the public impact of the battle, covered as it was by every resource of modern journalism, and culminating as the Geneva Conference was opening, was out of all proportion to its military effect.

After it, France could not possibly have continued the war. The Tet offensive in January and February, 1968, can be viewed in a similar light. That was not militarily decisive either: eighteen months later the military position in South Vietnam seems much improved. But the public impact in the United States, from the early sharp battles in Saigon to the long drawn out agony of Hue, bore no relation to the military facts. Giap's objectives at the time were clear enough; they could be deduced, as was noted at the time, from his propaganda speeches; none of them was military and the most important was to break the American will to continue the war, on which everything else depended. We do not know the effect of the Tet offensive on President Johnson's calculations, but the fact is that he made the decision to suspend most of the bombing of the North and to offer negotiations at the end of March, within a few weeks of the battle of Hue. From Giap's point of view, it must have been well worth the casualties suffered.

The destruction of the enemy's will to fight is of course a normal aim of war. To achieve this Giap cannot match his enemy's material and technical military strength; indeed, for all the gallantry and self-sacrifice of his troops, he could not possibly be regarded as having such an achievement within his military grasp. The whole point is that he is not entirely a military figure.

Buddhadeva Bhattacharyya's *Evolution of the Political Philosophy of Gandhi* (401pp. Calcutta Book House, £2 10s.) is an interesting doctoral thesis with a Marxist bias which properly treats Gandhi's thought as a dynamic phenomenon rather than a fixed entity.

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Fiery and benevolent

BERNADETTE DEVLIN: *The Price of my Soul*. 200pp. André Deutsch. 25s. Pan. 6s.
TERENCE O'NEILL: *Ulster at the Crossroads*. 201pp. Faber and Faber. 30s.

Let no one who holds the highly tenable view that too much has been heard from and about Miss Bernadette Devlin be put off from reading *The Price of my Soul*. (The title may be excused for having been chosen by Miss Devlin as a tribute to her mother who had meant to use it for a book she was never able to write.) Quite apart from politics, this little autobiographical sketch ranks for lively truth to social life with the best works on Ireland. Her picture of growing up in the small-town atmosphere of provincial Ulster is as authentic as were Sean O'Casey's Dublin slums or the deep South of Somerville and Ross.

The author's father, drawn with warm and humorous understanding, was the son of an old soldier in the British army who got a bullet in his knee in the Boer War and was rewarded with a job as a road-sweeper. From her father Miss Devlin learnt the first nursery rhyme she remembers. It ran:

Where is the flag of England?
Where is she to be found?
Where over there's blood and plunder
They're under the British ground.

She was also taught to sing the many verses of "The Croppie Boy", a narrative in which a young lad who goes to a priest's house for confession finds, after he has made it, that

his confessor is a Yeoman Guard in disguise and that the priest has been beheaded and is floating down the river. The Guard then kills the boy. Miss Devlin sang this without any feeling of bitterness—"It was part of Irish culture and it came naturally to me."

As her father, like so many of his countrymen, found nothing inconsistent in taking British money, he was away from home working for long stretches in England, and so the mother was the dominant partner in the family. She and her daughters and son held together against all comers. Their relatives, and neighbours were given dramatic reasons for knowing that this was a clan ready to pay back all scores with compound interest. Whether she is telling about a funeral, serving in a pub, delighting in a brief family holiday at Portrush, going to Mass, calling her headmistress, Mother Benignus, a bigot, or switching from Celtic studies to psychology at Queen's University in Belfast, she always comes through as a fiery little particle, generous, impulsive, pugnacious, loyal, full of laughter and brave in the face of poverty and death.

When she comes on to her election to Parliament and campaigning in the Derry Bogside, she inevitably covers much ground already made familiar by newspaper reports. She feels a kindred spirit with the arrogant personality of Michael Collins and believes she is in much the same situation as his. But she is critical of him and other southern Irish leaders, past and present, including

President de Valera. As a Catholic she makes a distinction between the doctrines of the Church, which she does not accept, and the structure of the Church, which is of very little use to her. It doesn't worry me if half the world won't go to get married, because which is still for me, the best music of my Christian beliefs.

She does not think that the Rev. Ian Paisley hates Catholics as he appears to do—"What he is a socialist." All that she and Terence O'Neill did, in view of the no conviction with the Catholic Unionists into thinking they were losing something.

How far that judgment is justified is tested by following O'Neill through his recent speeches and writings collected in *Ulster at the Crossroads*. Old speeches and rule make hard reading, and O'Neill's are no exception. The valuable as the historical record, a benevolent patrician seeking to take the sting out of religious and nationalist feuds in Six Counties, while staunchly maintaining the Crown link. He is the irresponsibility of people in an area bedevilled by unemployment, could greet American newsmen considering settling in the north with "Yanks go home." "They did," he adds sadly, "we never saw them again." But it sounds like a well-aimed attempt to stop a street brawl which the would-be appeaser black eye from both sides.

Image-changers

STEPHEN HASELER: *The Gaitskillies*. Revisionism in the British Labour Party 1951-64. 286pp. Macmillan. 63 10s.

First and last, a plea—heartfelt, soul-deep—to the thoughtful and discriminating Dr. Haseler. He influences students, some of whom will go into active politics. He is himself young and a prospective Labour candidate; *The Gaitskillies* is his first book, and he will presumably write more. Couldn't he do something to enliven the language of current political discussion, beginning by setting a better example himself? The problem is not so much of meaning, which usually manages to break through, as of vocabulary and style.

The method whereby many of the larger unions arrive at policy decisions and mandate their delegates has caused considerable controversy...

Almost any sentence will do—or won't do, except for those who have toughened their digestions to take such dry crusts. That the unappetizing style is nothing unexpected, a perfectly normal diet in our time, is exactly the trouble. The acceptance as routine of such dispiriting stuff may in itself be a cause of that inadequate decision-making. Who can say how many would-be union workers it has driven up the wall; or, as Dr. Haseler might put it, how many potential activists it has tended to alienate from policy-making participation?

The area is admittedly a sensitive one. Semantics, if not the life and soul of the party, occupy a large section of its nervous system. While not necessarily joining his own higher flights among the positive anti-neutrality and the negative anti-neutrality, we can accept from Dr. Haseler that Labour has been obsessed with definitions. By its honesty, the party splits easily—unless one prefers to say that it is floundering in the face of established dogma become all the more important. Hugh Gaitskill and his group managed to shift habits of thought in months rather than years or decades, and that was a remarkable

achievement. He was a successful revisionist, though it is doubtful if he would have had much use for the word. In fact his talent for plain-speaking was almost embarrassing (it would be awesome to have Dr. Haseler's translation of "we will fight, and fight, and fight again"). To assume, however, that plainness is always possible would be naive. There are times when a rhetoric erects hoardings behind which demolition and construction work can go on. The Labour old guard may suspect that sacred tablets are being ruthlessly broken, but there are Tories of an equally unworshipful sort who believe that the Wilson pragmatism is a cover for ulterior aims that amount to nothing more nor less than sheer socialism.

In fact Mr. Wilson doesn't flinch from using the term. As Dr. Haseler points out, he has often talked about the "socialist party", a phrase that seldom sprang to Gaitskill's lips. At the same time Wilson won his election triumph on a managerial dialect that would have meant less than Swahili to the founding fathers. It appealed to the new men, and helped to scatter the mismanaged enemy. Yet it was really the Gaitskillies' thing; for years they had been quietly proclaiming the changed facts of politico-economic life and pointing to the new levers of power.

It is not Dr. Haseler's concern to dwell on party squabbles, nor is his book likely to arouse any fresh ones. In his sort of language the dangers of verbal bloodshed are slight: call a man a middle-class intellectual revisionist and he can take evasive action before the phrase is properly out. Nor is this author maintaining that the legitimate revisionist right was always right in foreign policy, for instance, the inside-left Wilsonites were probably nearer reality than the Gaitskillies, mesmerized by their fear of Russia. His case is that Labour can claim to have done some significantly successful image-changing, thanks mostly to Gaitskill. The informal dialogue will go on and on. Brothers or competitors, or both at once? Owners or associate managers? The questions are likely to get fluid answers, and the developing argument will call for an ever-changing rhetoric. This may be direct or it may be devious; it should avoid being dead.

Prophet, propagandist and crusader

LEAVIS: *English Literature in Our Times and the University*. The Clark Lectures. 1967. 200pp. Chatto and Windus. 30s. (Paperback, 15s.)

All the critics of his time, F. R. Leavis has most consistently taught his countrymen how to infer quality from the examination of the printed word. Like Coleridge, he has looked at the level streams, have detected elements, surrounding mountain or the surrounding could supply. "To the power of discrimination he has added—if we are to believe his account of his own practice in the case of asking, after each effort, the question: "This is it, isn't it?"

It is how this habit works in his own latest production: the *Lectures for 1967* plus an introduction and three appendices. Let us take brief sample passages and a few steps, just where the snow is deepest.

The first sample is from an introduction to "Manny" Forbes, in an area bedevilled by unemployment, could greet American newsmen considering settling in the north with "Yanks go home." "They did," he adds sadly, "we never saw them again." But it sounds like a well-aimed attempt to stop a street brawl which the would-be appeaser black eye from both sides.

He is incidentally reinforced by the charge of inspiring and ambitious stupidities, and a vocabulary to pasture as some-thing. But what "teacher" can be against that kind of hazard?

Where does safety lie—unless in nullity? We didn't need Nietzsche to tell us to live dangerously; there is no other way of living. Forbes, himself, insists on intelligence, had, in the strong disinterested way, the courage of life and, it follows, the impulse and the power to stir intelligence into active life in others.

One may say of this paragraph that it is made vivid by the preservation of "speech rhythms"; that it engages the felt sympathy of the author; that it glows with the life of a genuine feeling (in this instance, admiration); and that quite unconsciously it asks the question a reader of good-will might well wish to ask in any account of Dr. Leavis's own teaching career. This is so, isn't it?

The second sample is part of a recapitulation of Dr. Leavis's influential, and so often woefully misunderstood, "placing" of Milton. Unlike the self-sufficient paragraph about Forbes, it is torn from a closely argued context, and may therefore lose something of its quality—but not enough to disguise the trenchancy, intellectual power and poetic sensibility of this critic at his best.

Milton's genius is to be described not merely as un- but as anti-Shakespearean. The ethos of his stylistic invention denies his verse anything like a Shakespearean relation to the living language. With the absence of the speech-subtlety of movement, tone and inflection that can be commanded only by the poet who speaks to the reader's most delicate sense of what is natural in English speech goes a marked restriction of the part played by evoked

sensuous effects and evoked specific varieties of energy—an absence, in sum, of arresting concreteness. An impressiveness of sound—sound that is not being appreciated as such ("music")—tends to predominate in the Miltonic poetic. What it offers is eloquence.

A close reader of Dr. Leavis might prick up his ears a little apprehensively at the intrusion, even in this portion of a paragraph of cool appraisal, of the key-word "insists". But the promise of possible pugnacity is not realized, and the sentences are unimpeded in their main effort, which is persuasion. This is so, isn't it?

The third passage is part of a commentary on a review in the *TLS* of the Franks Commission Report and Lord Robbins's book *The University and the Modern World*. Dr. Leavis has been discussing the reviewer's point that most of our literature has been written by people who "have been outside the university net".

What I am calling attention to is the portentous significance of his being, when taking part in the debate, which isn't merely theoretical, about the urgent need to expand, multiply and modernize the universities, able to dismiss with such unconscious irresponsibility all suggestion that the universities have had a vital function in relation to English literature. In doing that—which is the truth for which I am at getting a full and real recognition—he is lightly dismissing the function that, in our world which becomes every year more completely what it is, only the university can perform. "I think" is the word, his article is an

unconscious tribute to the potency of the technological-Benthamic climate in which we live.

Unlike the other two extracts, this passage has to be read several times before the meaning emerges. This is because the "speech rhythms" have become an almost incoherent succession of self-interruptions; they are the forays and asides of a man who feels that he has to hit out constantly at Hydra-headed enemies to his intention. Before long, the expected jibes against "the Sunday papers", Lord Snow, the *TLS* and The British Council appear. Yet if Dr. Leavis feels obliged to spatter the undergrowth around him with what at times look like hysterical bursts of fire, it must be because he believes that the values he cherishes, and at other times so movingly displays, are under ceaseless threat. This is so, isn't it?

Dr. Leavis, being human, will presumably reply "Yes" to the first two "This is so—is it?" questions, and "No" or "Yes, but..." to the third. Yet the intention in placing them side by side has been, first, to establish that the same serious and basically "life-giving" concern is behind all three quotations; and, only secondly, to express sorrow (rather than indignation) that conditions—whether real, imaginary, or partly real and partly imaginary—should have arisen which compel so skilled a craftsman to use a chess as a sword-driver. Purely from the point of view of that attention to the spoken or written word which Dr. Leavis has taught us, it is painful to note how the precision instrument of his sensibility, as richly exemplified here in such things as his interpretative assessments of Eliot as critic and poet, becomes blunted when it is

used to belabour Lord Robbins, or less gifted commentators on Dickens, or whoever and whatever.

Surely the time has come for Dr. Leavis to grasp the nettle and give us a straight autobiographical account of his life at Cambridge, and have done with it. A painstaking researcher could assemble much from the asides, footnotes, allusions abounding in his published work and presented in more concentrated form in his *Retrospect* to the re-issue of *Scrutiny*. In the book under review, another splendid milestone in a life work of unwavering constancy, there are as usual three active Leavises at work: the brilliantly gifted literary critic showing us how to do it; the engaged social and moral thinker explaining to us just why it is so important to be able to do it; and the vulnerable human being exasperated by those who either try to stop him from doing it, or cannot see why it need be done, or (most distressing of all, perhaps) try to follow him but simply cannot keep up with him. But it is asking too much of one man that he should be prophet, propagandist and crusader in his own field. If Dr. Leavis had not been to manifest a master at his own first craft, who would have bothered their heads about the claims he makes for it, or the battles he wages on its behalf?

Yehudi Menuhin makes us love the violin by playing it, not by using his bow to beat the heads of inattentive listeners or incompetent critics. Dr. Leavis makes us value literary criticism of a high order by doing it, as in the best pages of these lectures. The point has surely been reached when, more acclaimed at last than he seems able to credit, he could with honour leave the rest to time.

Eng. lit. expands

GERALD MOORE: *The Chosen Tongue*. 222pp. Longmans £2 5s.

"We in the West Indies", wrote George Lamming, "can meet the twentieth century without fear: for we begin with colossal advantages. The West Indian, though provincial, is perhaps the most cosmopolitan man in the world." He speaks an international language, the unique language of the British West Indies, an English rich with a variety of dialect forms, a medley of structures and vocabulary derived from non-English sources. Africa, India, China, America and Britain provide a complexity of culture, of living habits; and the effects of past slavery, past and present poverty, and overcrowding make the environment at once rich in material and poor in opportunity for the writer, who often finds himself at home in London, New York or Paris—or in Africa.

The situation of the African writer is very different: he finds more scope in living and working in his own country. Only one African writer, Peter Abrahams, has given us an African view—in his novel *This Island Now*—of the West Indies. But there are many West Indian accounts of Africa. The ancestral shore has called across the horizon to the islanders; but answering this call has often produced that phenomenon so beloved of British Council committees, the "culture-shock". George Lamming describes it brilliantly in the *Pleasures of Exile*; O. R. Dathorne in *School Man* worries it like a bone of contention; Denis Williams puts it into the mouth of his hero Proulx in *Other Leopards* as a cry of barren despair. Edward Brathwaite's long poem about Africa—of which the first two parts, *Rights of Passage* and *Masks*, have appeared—is more balanced. His protagonist, the modern West Indian, makes his pilgrimage, searching for his ancestral memories, travelling to a distant town, and through time, through history, to a new knowledge of himself. He must return to his own region ultimately, for his sense of the past and what he seeks from it is different from African tradition.

In Africa, what is past or passing or to come makes up the contemporary community. And the modern

African writer often reacts, violently against it. Wole Soyinka in his plays belabours it like a latter-day Yeats denouncing Irish nineteenth-century political rhetoric; George Awoonor-Williams in his poems hopes for a continuation of its wisdom in a materialistic rootless society; the late Christopher Okigbo measured the loss, the complete cancelling out, in Chinua Achebe's profound novels comes the most skillful handling of the theme: the bridging of time between village and city, all illuminated with a variety of tone, a subtlety of speech, which is only now being recognized, and which needed the critical understanding of John Pepper Clark, the Nigerian dramatist, to make the social nuances of its characters clear to the non-African reader.

The claims of the present have been answered by Nigerian writers: they have indicted tyranny and corruption. Okigbo recognized before his death that the smell of blood was floating in the lavender-mist of the afternoon, his symbols—drum, iron mask, fire and blood—carried the message of murder, war and despair. These same tensions inform the novels of James Ngugi, as he records the divisions and hostilities of an East African tribe, and places them in a landscape over-shadowing the details of man's life.

The richness, the range of choice, open to the West African writer, both in subject and style, is vast; but no less large is that of the West Indian writer who has to decide what he is, whether he will occupy a middle isthmus, or return from exile. Wilson Harris in his *Quarrel* sees the West Indian personality as shaped by landscape; V. S. Naipaul doubts on his return to Trinidad if there is any such thing in *The Middle Passage*; and George Lamming looks forward to a new vision of life in *Of Age and Innocence*, a return to the islands.

The Chosen Tongue indicates the scope and achievement of new writing in English, and its choice of quotation is skilful: it provides a good introduction, especially to those who are bound in, not only by larger, old-fashioned concepts of English, or even English and American literature, but by the fashionable, prescribed, often pitifully limited reading-lists of schools and universities.

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TLS

68th Year 4 DECEMBER 1969 No. 3536

Humble pie

Humility is not a quality that is naturally associated with politicians. The candidate who told the selection committee that he felt unworthy to represent the constituency in Parliament would be unlikely to be asked to do so. The Cabinet member who acknowledged to the Prime Minister that he was not equal to his responsibilities would probably find someone else shouldering them within days. William Pitt the Elder may have been the only person who said, "I am sure I can save this country and nobody else can", but the thought has been many times unspoken both on front and on back benches. P. E. Smith would not find much confirmation in Somerset House for the saying "The meek

shall inherit the earth", and neither meekness nor humility was a quality that he and his contemporaries frequently displayed, even though few revealed their consciousness of their own superiority so openly as George Nathaniel Curzon. It is true that one politician in our own days said of another—destined, as it happened, to succeed him at 10 Downing Street—"a modest little man, and with good reason"; but no politician is ever recorded to have passed such a judgment on himself.

There are, of course, in politics as in other walks of life, cases of persons deceiving themselves. Gladstone once told Morley that he had been examining his conscience—a frequent Gladstonian exercise—and he could thank God that whatever other shortcomings he might have, he had no need to accuse himself of the sin of ambition; Morley nearly fell off his chair. Ambition being the fuel that drives statesmen to live laborious days, if not to scorn delights, it is therefore fascinating to find a leading politician, one who has been not merely a member of the Cabinet but leader of the House of Lords, writing a paperback on the opposite quality (Lord Longford: *Humility*, 160pp. Collins, 6s.).

It is, firstly, an intensely interesting personal document, and even without the note on the back cover

a reader could have guessed that "this book is Lord Longford thinking aloud during a major crisis in his life". He had, he tells us, resigned the chairmanship of the National Bank in 1963 with the deliberate intention of being available for a Labour Cabinet if one had to be formed; and in 1968 he went out into the wilderness. It would be indecate to pry further into the personal question of adjustment to changed circumstances, but it is legitimate to point out that although politicians are seldom associated in the public mind with humility, there are few who do not have ample opportunities of practising it. Among those who have held the highest office in recent times, the latter years of Lloyd George, Baldwin and Chamberlain sufficiently illustrate the point.

It is nevertheless not as a personal document but as a moral and religious essay that Lord Longford's tract must be judged. The field which he has entered is not overcrowded. A student who asked Bishop Ullathorne "What is the best book on humility?" was told: "There is only one. I wrote it myself". There are now at least two, and Lord Longford's book, though definitely the work of an intelligent and devout layman rather than the scholarly analysis of a moral theologian, is a thoughtful study of a neglected virtue.

There are, of course, many books that exemplify humility although directly devoted to it. Lord Longford's analyses works by Thomas Kempis, St. Francis de Sales, Pierre de La Chaise, Teilhard de Chardin, John XXIII and Fr. Gerald May. He is a committed Roman Catholic and naturally draws largely on writers within his own communion, but in his text he shows himself aware that the Christian virtues have been beautifully portrayed by those of other disciplines such as John Bunyan among Nonconformists and the late E. M. Halifax among Anglicans.

But is humility a virtue? The really the crux of the problem was not regarded as one in ancient times. Aristotle's ideal was the magnificent man, and this also the ideal of the Renaissance modern times the figure conjured in most people's minds by the notion of humility is someone like Uriah Heep.

To understand it properly it is necessary to go to him who "humbled himself, coming obedient unto death, even the death of the cross", and taught, "I am meek and humble heart, and you shall find rest for yourselves". If we do this, shall we find that humility is not incompatible with great claims, for no man has greater claims than those who are called to a life of service to others. It is different quality from what it is commonly supposed to be; and another excellent reason for reading the many penetrating things Lord Longford has to say about

TLS

Whatever happened to Onion John?

BY ROSEMARY MANNING

We live in a society where many objects are deliberately made with built-in obsolescence throw-away paper clothes, flimsy shoes. We may admit that many books are expendable and though this is to accept for those who keep the second-hand bookshelves for many a long year yet. But what of those books which should not be expendable? The reviewer casts on one side the books he does not intend to waste his time upon, and those he thinks valuable but what of work well done and children saved a literary fate worse than death, but he is realistic enough to know that his review do little to bring the books to the notice of the 2,000 or more children's books published every year. How can we be that those of merit get into children's hands? And into their minds? Here at any time a reviewer who feels uneasy as the same as severity, but it does not have a life of service to others. It is different quality from what it is commonly supposed to be; and another excellent reason for reading the many penetrating things Lord Longford has to say about

children's books, and employ professional critics like Naomi Lewis and Margery Fisher, though not as often as they should do, for I cannot resist the opportunity to point out that some of those who voice their opinions in this field know absolutely nothing about it. Children's books have emerged from being a sub-literature to attract considerable notice, even to the point where a commercial firm will buy an author's face to advertise their products, a thing quite unthinkable in the past. Even so, the selection is by adults for children and it is bound to be capricious and personal. A really worthwhile book may never get reviewed. Others may win praise and then

never have been reviewed in a Children's Books Supplement. They should have been put firmly into the adult pages, and on to the adult shelves in the public libraries. There is a real problem here, for the teenager who might enjoy such books will probably have ceased to enter the Children's Department, while on the adult shelves a book is easily lost. Despite the praise that greeted *Earthlight*, *The Owl Service*, *The Mark of the Horse Lord*, much the same might be said of them as of *Onion John*. Because they were by well-established authors they were, of course, guaranteed the notice of critics, which *Onion John* was not. What one could call the

Françoise Sagan. I must make it clear that such reports do not invalidate the praise that greeted this strange, deeply-felt book.

In the 1960s that are drawing to a close, it is possible to see running through the reviews a strong vein of self-indulgence on the part of reviewers, myself included. There were children's books that we could enjoy on an adult level, and there were novels that had the "right" backgrounds for our day and age. As the authors left the tidy gardens of the middle class where "parents kept me from children that were rough", and entered the territories of city, working-class children—the concrete playgrounds (see *The Latch-key Children* by Eric Allen), the back streets (see *Gumby's Yard* by John Rowe Townsend) and the waste areas of demolition (see *Everybody's Land* by van der Looff and *Elidon* by Alan Garner)—the reviewers panted after them, trying to keep up. The authors ran faster. The reviewers plodded on, rather winded, but where were the children? Most of them left behind in the fantasy worlds of Narnia or Green Knowe, laughing themselves into stitches at *Just William*. Still saving England with Biggerles, or setting out on adventure, tailor-made by that very problem: and underrated author, Malcolm Saville.

At this point I must tell a sad, true story, a warning to all of us—authors, reviewers and librarians. Sarah, aged eleven, went to the public library, eager for books. Sarah felt a prey to an earnest young librarian who usually kept aside for her a few "special" books. Sarah accepted them politely (the politeness of the young in matter, like this is phenomenal). Her attempts to substitute others of her own choice generally met with failure when she checked out, for her mentor was waiting for her. So she would go home with all her tickets tied up on meaningless books of adult choice, and there was nothing for her to do but pull the battered William books out of her shelves and reread them.

This is an extreme case, but it is not untypical of the knowing and eager adults who have pressed worthy books into children's hands ever since the Misses Taylor wrote: "How I wish I had the crust that once I threw away!"

Too many of these subtle, serious novels—some of them of a very high quality—analyse or imply problems quite irrelevant to children under at least thirteen, who have their own private problems, and if required to turn their minds to moral issues, tend to prefer the nasty but unequivocal retribution of the Scissors Man to the understated menace that lurks in the pages of a book like *The Spirit of Jen* by P. H. Newby. Too often such books are given to children too young to enjoy them unless they have, at least, a good story. What is to be

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—with reviews of Reginald Maddock's *Sell-Out* (1384), Stephanie Plowman's *Three Lives for the Car* (1385), Jane Langton's *The Diamond in the Window* and Polly Redford's *The Christmas Flower* (1388), James Kirkup's poetry anthology *Shepherd-Wind* and Geoffrey Grigson's selection of Hardy's poems (1391).

vanish without trace, rejected by young readers, or perhaps read by so few that librarians set little point in stocking them.

This seems to have happened to *Onion John*. The author, Joseph Krungold, is American. He won the Newbery medal with an earlier book, *And Now Miguel*. *Onion John* was published here by Lutterworth Press in that vintage year of 1964. It is a warm, often funny novel about do-gooders in small-town society. It read aloud to eleven-year-olds very well, but it was never borrowed by the same age group afterwards. Was it just bad luck that *Onion John* never reached the charts, or did I make a mistake in praising it too highly? Before beating my breast and crying "mea culpa!" a rereading of it suggests to me a third reason why this novel, and several others, never made the ratings.

Onion John was one of the first of a growing number of novels that should, perhaps,

"Onion John syndrome" has produced a no-man's literature which may lead to certain first-class books reaching a very small readership of any age.

Public librarians have to be hard-headed. If a book doesn't get read, its valuable space is given to a book that does. As one librarian remarked heartlessly to me: "As far as we are concerned, a book is either alive—or it's dead." I will not repeat the comment made on the latest publication by a famous children's author. I will only say that the novel won't appear on those library shelves. Stillborn, one might say. Another children's librarian, who has kept a record of *The Owl Service*, reports that only seven people have taken it out since it appeared in 1967. Four of those were adults. Three were young people in their teens, two of whom could not get on with it at all, while the third thought it only passable and preferred

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4-8 years

18.



The Hollyhock Race

ALISON FARTHING

Illustrated (see above) by Lynette Hemmant

Billy had only a shrivelled seed and a tiny garden, but he was determined to grow the tallest hollyhock of all, in spite of his rival Tom.

6-8 years

12s

The Christmas Dolls

CAROL BEACH YORK

Illustrated (see below) by Victoria de Larreu

Lily and Florabelle were left over rag dolls, not to be given to the twenty-eight little girls who lived in Butterfield Square—until Tatty started wanting them. A sequel to the popular *Miss Knave* in *All*. 7-11 years

16s



A Game of Catch

HELEN CRESSWELL

Illustrated by Gareth Floyd

The picture Kate sees in the castle and the voices she hears there bring about an uneasy game with children from another century.

8-12 years

12s

Aunt Eleanor

R. E. JACKSON

Illustrated by Peter Warner

Pinfold and Hamish have their own theory about the origin of the strange happenings at Loch Ellen, but their plans are forestalled by the unexpected.

9-14 years

18s

CHATTO, BOYD & OLIVER

American extravaganzas

"NIMBLE SAGNAGAVARTXE" by Edward Hall, future President of the United States, would say. One of Eddy's many talents is fluency in Backwards English. "Simatopopph," he calls the awful and overweight Mr. Preek, and "Kcitsmoorb" is the only possible name for that repulsive hanker's secretary Miss Prawn.

"The Diamond in the Window" is that rarest and most precious of books, a comic fantasy which, while wholly American, speaks an international language. The scene is Concord, Mass., home of Thoreau, Emerson and Louisa May Alcott. These great ones, being long dead, yet live in the hearts of those who live in the house on Walden Street, so much that Eleanor arranges a wedding between Louisa and Henry Thoreau—or at least their busts. "Eleanor decided that they had been deeply in love for the best part of a century and ought to be married without further delay." Alas, just as Emerson is about to join the happy pair Uncle Freddy arrives and forbids the union.

The household, it would appear, is a little crazy. The fourth in the improbable quartet is Aunt Lily who struggles to keep the ramshackle home together by teaching unwilling children the piano. She is fairly sane despite a tragic lovesick long ago. The house, too, is appropriately strange, "like an exotic tropical plant in a field of New England daisies", with towers and domes and, high among the eaves, a little tower with a window like a keyhole. This was the room of Ned and Nora, who disappeared long ago at the same time as the beautiful and enigmatic Prince Krishna, a room full of wonders and with one horror.

In their exploration of these wonders and their search for the missing children, Eddy and Eleanor have marvellous and terrible dream-adventures by night and hilarious day-time escapades. Some of the episodes have a Nohit-like intensity of imagination, but, despite the excellence of the invention, this is not a situation-comedy but a romantic comedy based on character. There are admirable thumbnail sketches, like

Benjamin Parks whom Eleanor worships from afar, but it is in characterization in depth that Jane Langton excels. She lovingly adds layer after layer to the portraits of her principals until they acquire a three-dimensional quality. The story is tied up satisfactorily in a happy

From *The Diamond in the Window*

ending; but Eleanor and Eddy go on living and having adventures, for they have developed a life independent of the book. Inevitably there will be a sequel.

Oh, by the way, Louisa May married her Henry at the end, Waldo officiating, and Uncle Fred gave the bride away. A most satisfactory conclusion to what Eleanor called her "monumental romance".

"The Diamond in the Window", illustrated definitively by Erik Blegvad, marks the English debut of a writer of outstanding quality. As if this were not enough for one season, **"The Christmas Bower"**, with equally perfect pictures by Edward Gorey, introduces another major writer, based on character. There is no magic in **"The Christmas Bower"**, unless you

count the magic of marvellous and sustained invention. It is the story of an American store at Christmas time. For Noah and the rest of the numerous Kubichek family, Christmas is "just business," for, with the exception of Uncle Willie, they are all caught up in one way or another

by Mr. Gorey as two solemn unwise owls) goes disastrously wrong and a host of exotic birds loose in the Great Court. There is a memorable scene in which the Kubicheks are captured by the National Birdbanding Association. The crisis is not yet over. Two rare, escape the chase and are housed high above the Great Court. Noah's business-headed son, Byron, has a quick and deadly

for this, and would have slain the extraordinarily high stiletto which was set by its predecessor the family but for the intervention of a *deus ex machina* embodied in the Acorn Series, it tells improbably, in the form of Ogle. This formidable lady, due to the life of the ant community and his uncle's farm. Señor who is anyone from the past up—or down—to the Creator. Byron's resistance crumbles when he sees the Kubicheks' superb climax the Kubicheks unite to find what A. Gorey has been up to among the heights of Hartman and Company Great Court.

"The Christmas Bower" is a charming story, told with zest and with suitably larger-than-life characters. Some of the much of the satire in the book is for adults, but there are treasures enough here for the family to share. This might be a cult book better still, if it were to be one of those books which speak clearly from generation to generation, for in it the absence of modern urban society is by side with universal folk and shrewd good sense. Good to it in the twenty-first century.

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HARRAP

Continuations and beginnings

The four books reviewed in this article are by authors whose reputation goes before them. Jose Maria Sanchez-Silva was honoured by the Nobel Committee in 1968, I. M. Muriel Spark and Elizabeth Goudge, inevitably their new books, are seen as steps forward, or

as a piece in a pattern. How Noah's business-headed son, Byron, has a quick and deadly for this, and would have slain the extraordinarily high stiletto which was set by its predecessor the family but for the intervention of a *deus ex machina* embodied in the Acorn Series, it tells improbably, in the form of Ogle. This formidable lady, due to the life of the ant community and his uncle's farm. Señor who is anyone from the past up—or down—to the Creator. Byron's resistance crumbles when he sees the Kubicheks' superb climax the Kubicheks unite to find what A. Gorey has been up to among the heights of Hartman and Company Great Court.

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Madrid will provide a further opportunity for us to meet Ladis the Spanish boy, and Mufra the ant. I. M. Muriel Spark is a serious writer whose "Green Knowe" fantasies have a truth and magic to which children respond from the depths of their own feeling and imagination.

From *Second Summer with Ladis*

"The House that Grew" is a short story, shorter even than Mrs. Boston's *The Castle of Yew*—illustrated in heavy, black, sticky-looking line-art by Caroline Hemming. It is a blown-up joke, really, against the pompous planning authorities who pull down Mickey and Mouse's own house and leave standing, under a preservation order, "the house that grew" from a mushroom into a castle ("style, native English, earliest known example") in eight midnight

expansions. At each stage in its growth the twins see different insects and animals making it their home—until it is occupied by a squatter giant (whose picture faces the wrong page of text). A white witch sends him packing, however, and this leaves the castle free for the twins.

Mr. Gorey's distinguished set of pictures have the stiffness of steel engravings which makes the fantasy they depict almost engaging. Ticky is a very fine clock belonging to Professor Horace John Morris who winds him at 10.14 precisely each night. (If it weren't for Ticky he wouldn't even know it was 10.14.) On Thursday nights four other professors visit Professor Horace John Morris and discuss lofty far-away subjects (on which the illustrator has seized with the delight and relief of a starving child offered bread). They all reverse the very fine clock and offer to make Ticky a professor. Ticky declines the honour ("Why, the charming orphan in the spare room would not know how to say professor. All she can say is 'Ticky, Ticky, Ticky'"). Noble fellow. Ignoble story.

Elizabeth Goudge almost pulls off a Christmas parable in *I Saw Three Ships*, a story which shows how Polly, a willful orphan, opens up the constricted lives of her spinster aunts Dorcas and Constantine when she goes to live with them in their harbour-side cottage. Polly believes that doors should be left unknocked on Christmas Eve to let in the three Wise Men—and that three ships will sail in to port on Christmas Day in the morning. They do, one bearing the long lost wife (in a blue cloak) and (golden-haired) son of a lonely Frenchman. But readers whose critical faculties are not borne away on the heady Christmas morning breeze will wish that Miss Goudge had been sterner with herself: for surely it is a let-down that there are only two strange men in the parlor when Polly awakes? (The third, a beggar, has stolen his food and fled.) Austen-ish setting, sweet, carefree and a little careless. Though deco-

and their astonished parents to live in. A slight, amusing fantasy which, coming from the pen of one of the most gifted living writers for children, is a disappointment. So is *The Very Fine Clock* by Muriel Spark, whose publishers have made the best possible book out of an incredibly poor script by commissioning Edward Gorey (would he have allowed himself to be commissioned had the text been by an unknown author?) as illustrator.

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rously illustrated by Richard Kennedy (who has a fine line in spinsters of character) this slight book looks even slighter when set against the unblinking praise lavished on author ("gem-like touches of description") and artist ("marvellously illustrated") by its publisher.

JOSE MARIA SANCHEZ-SILVA: Second Summer with Ladis. Illustrated by David Knight. Bodley Head. 11s. (370.00906.1)
I. M. MURIEL SPARK: The House that Grew. Illustrated by Caroline Hemming. Faber and Faber. 10s. (571.09126.1)
MURIEL SPARK: The Very Fine Clock. Illustrated by Edward Gorey. Macmillan. 18s.
ELIZABETH GOUDGE: I Saw Three Ships. Illustrated by Richard Kennedy. Brockhampton Press. 16s. (340.04131.X)

Young paperbacks

Good value in text and pictures in some young paperbacks. They include:

Four new Picture Puffin reprints: **Tim Alone**, written and illustrated by Judy Brook; **The Perfect Present** (very gay) by Michael Foreman; **Sun, Buns and Moonshine**, written and illustrated by Ewaldine Ness; John Ryan's **Captain Penwash**; and Gene Zion's **No Knees for Harry**. All at 3s. 6d. Four popular "Jackanory" stories are also 3s. 6d. each from B.B.C. publications: Roy Brown's **The Sandbag Man**; John Grant's **Littlemouse Moves House**; Philippa Pearce's **The Elm Street Lot**; and **Stories from Wales** by Ray Smith. Two new *Charlie Books*: **Snowball** (a white rabbit) and **Come on, Neddy!** (a donkey) both have English text by Antonia Ridge. 11p. each.

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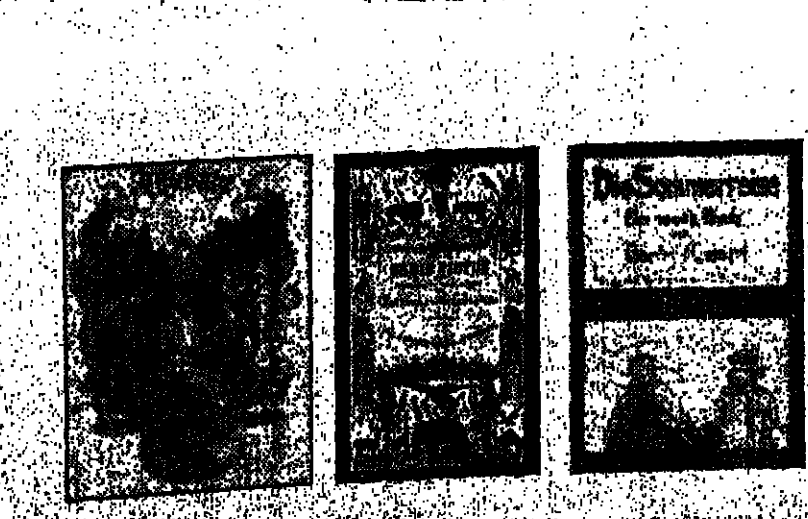
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After the 1923 edition. With a postscript by Dr. Rudolf Dietze, Leipzig. 30 pages of text, 24 pages of illustrations. 230 mm x 233 mm. Half cloth (in German). 29.80 Mark

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Moralische Kinderklapper
Moral rattle for children
After the 1794 edition. With an introduction by Dr. Rudolf Dietze, Leipzig. 148 pages with text illustrations. 100 mm x 150 mm. Half cloth (in German). 14.50 Mark

Gustav Saß
Die Mähr von einer Nachtigall
The tale of a nightingale
After the 1857 edition. With an epilogue by Prof. Horst Kunze, Berlin. 24 pages, 10 of which with illustrations. 200 mm x 260 mm. In boards (in German). 11.50 Mark



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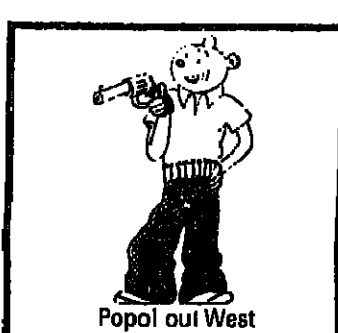
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The dawn world

It is relatively easy to create convincing incidents, within the sketchy framework of the remote past, the creation of character is quite another matter. How does one make a stone-age man communicate intelligibly? Vian Smith has this problem in a remarkable new novel *Moon in the River*. Father, the massive figure who, after the destruction of his tribe, holds his small family together by sheer strength, is not a man of words. At one crisis of the story there occurs a passionate dialogue in which he joins without the use of a single word. He conveys anger, contempt and indifference by expression and gesture. It is a brilliant piece of writing, but one cannot make a novel without words. Mr. Smith can make his story acceptable only by contrasting the traditional father with untypical children. Both Kurt and Onah are people of a transitional age. In the course of one season Kurt invents the lever, James a horse and controls the wind. Perhaps all these things really happened like that through the action of a single genius. It does not matter. Mr. Smith, like Henry Treece in his last great novel about the dawn world, telescopes the ages in order to give them meaning for us. Onah, like Kurt, is a creator, though a more intuitive one. Not only does she tame a wolf; she makes the more significant discovery that love is stronger than hate, and so saves her family from annihilation.

It is some measure of Mr. Smith's success that out of the clash of personalities between three largely inarticulate people he has managed to make a story which is exciting and meaningful, and that he has done this without cheating. The action is seen mainly through the eyes of Onah, and those are the eyes of an intelligent, sensitive and quite inexperienced girl in a society bounded by the nearest of Darimoor. The author never allows himself to interpret the story in terms of later ages. But out of this harsh, sad, bitter tale comes an impression of a life hard almost beyond imagining, but not without hope. Onah, tired, homeless, motherless, stands in the summer wind of Darimoor.

It dragged at her hair, telling her to look around, to see the sun and the changing colours of the hills, to find an answer in her spirit because tomorrow might be dead with rain. She let the wind tug her hair and looked down to

the sunshine, her spirit responding because the world was not only cruel and cold and dangerous. It was beautiful.

In *Dragonvale* Anne Rundle has taken the considerable risk of putting her story into the first person. Is it reasonable to make a Dark Ages Scot the interpreter of his times? There are moments in the book when the answer seems to be "no". Unlike Onah and her father, Iain in this story is articulate beyond his years and beyond the age in which he lives.

It is a fine story, nevertheless. Miss Rundle has taken the ancient legend of Finn and his disastrous love for Grania and given it a local habitation. The Finna become fine upstanding men and bonny fighters, but they are not supermen. They bleed like men, not heroes. This diminution of stature makes some things in the legend more acceptable. The original Finn MacCool's treatment of Dermid and Grania seems unworthy of a hero. Miss Rundle's Finn MacCumhail is slowly corrupted by jealousy so that his final dishonour becomes inevitable. For all that, Miss Rundle's craft, which has been fully in command in the great battle-scenes, deserts her at the end and the last pages belong not so much to saga or historical novel as to the mainstream of women's "Romance".

One of the Finna in Miss Rundle's story, fighting the Vikings in an anachronism sanctioned by the original legend, wears a helmet "taken from some long-dead Roman". The Romans are gone and their memory despised by these husky barbarians of the North. They are still rulers of part of the world in Geza Gardonyi's *Slave of the Hun*, but their grasp is faltering and their reputation at hazard. This great novel has taken the whole of this century to reach an English edition, and the reason for the delay is not hard to find. The context of the story is difficult for English readers to understand. We can respond to Rosemary Sutcliffe's picture of the withdrawal of the legions and of the last symbolic flare of Rutupia light before the dark flows in. The Romans in *Slave of the Hun* are not guardians of the world's culture; they are a poor timid lot and their contemporaries of the Eastern Empire little better, trembling on the brink of destruction. When the Huns

sweep upon Rome they are met by Pope, "an aged thin man. His face was wrinkled and his eyes frightened". So much for the Romans. This is a story of the Scourge of God—not as a punishment for sin but as a scourge of goodness, but the agent of the destruction of the enemy.

Children who have read *Seredy's* magnificent *White Stag* already know the Hungarian village of Attila as a superhuman figure. Geza Gardonyi's book he is a little but no larger. A clever person the more so because Attila is not a chief character in the book. He is a Greek slave from Thracia who gains his freedom but loses it for love of a Hunnish noblewoman. As a slave he sees the growth of Hunnish power and takes part in the battle with the tottering empire of Rome. There are no problems of communication in this story. The narrator is a Greek, heir of an ancient civilization, and he is able to interpret the simpler moves of Hun without contempt. Those who tolerant and trained in the barbarism of the Hun is seen in the portion. To a Roman narrator and enslaved Zulu explains:

Your treasures were once plundered, like the plunder of the Huns, that you came to them a link of the old, conventional mythology of "Seasons" is there, a "Fruit and Flowers", and "Creatures" disfigures a section of animal poems in many old friends stroll across the by-ways he has found in a pleasing freshness to the eye. Many of his more original poems are English and American. Lord de Tabley's "A Spider", Joseph Beau-

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Three anthologists

ANTHOLOGUES—apart from the sheer mechanics of choosing and rejecting material, shuffling it into a manageable form, and getting poets and publishers' permission to use it—are not difficult to compile. This means that the anthology which is in some sense a labour of love, undertaken because the compiler felt it had to be done, is a pleasure in the doing—is completely rare. The characteristics of the unloved anthology are such as an extensive reliance on dead poems (culled from other anthologies), a division of material into those terribly familiar, easy topics ("Birds and Beasts", "In the City") and a sort of obviousness in the way in which the poems follow one another—no pleasant surprises or juxtapositions. The lively, imaginative anthology, on the other hand, is distinguished by the sense of variety and discovery it brings to the reader, and the enjoyment to be taken from an original choice and arrangement of poems. James Kirkup's *Shepherding Winds* is a book of this kind.

It makes use of some of the old, conventional mythology of "Seasons" is there, a "Fruit and Flowers", and "Creatures" disfigures a section of animal poems in many old friends stroll across the by-ways he has found in a pleasing freshness to the eye. Many of his more original poems are English and American. Lord de Tabley's "A Spider", Joseph Beau-

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Interpreting Hardy

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and "Afterwards". Just under sixty poems are provided in a range which includes and absorbs anthology favourites, placing them alongside poems which require the mature response which this editor has earned for Hardy by his sympathetic and approachable preface. It is possible to quibble at the slighter pieces where Mr. Grigson has wanted to acknowledge the historical Hardy ("The Night of Trifolgar") or indulge a taste for those pastoral

minutiae which Hardy so easily and frequently wrote with only the merest trade-marks to distinguish them from the work of lesser writers ("Lying Awake"). But his overall scheme is so well-judged that the blemishes are unimportant in a selection which splendidly enhances the status of the anthologist's task. Mr. Glynn Thomas's illustrations point up the poems with an exactly appropriate delicacy and unobtrusiveness.

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Introducing Byron

GEOFFREY TREASE: *Byron*. Macmillan. 21s.

"Bad, mad and dangerous to know" was Lady Caroline Lamb's first reaction to Lord Byron. Mr. Trease uses the remark for his sub-title in a short biography for young people which tries to tone down the romantic scandals and make Byron's life presentable for his readers without heroics or falsification. In one respect he is taking his stand on uneasy ground. His introductory note proposes Byron as a candidate for such treatment "because he seems to have been a person with whom modern young people should find a special sympathy... one who, with his bubbling high spirits and shocking opinions, would be the life and soul of many a group today". Equating Byron in this way with some literary toiling stones of multifaceted lesser talent is an unhappy start, and would not cut much ice with the young. But this comment apart, the book is an intelligent and successful exercise in discreet and truthful biography. Mr. Trease begins as the simple, proud boy coming into the world, and

dated Newstead inheritance, and dies with a mention of that most touching relic in the Abbey museum: the wooden shoe-lasts made to correct his limp. Between the two, Mr. Trease spares nothing of the charming, licentious, bad-tempered and erratic Byron—with a faithful record (with pictures of the ladies) of his most celebrated affairs. But it is the theme of an essential goodness misunderstood, and the sensitiveness and vulnerability of the man

Picture parade

BETWEEN the ages of four and six the "flats" have an important part to play. To begin with they are read aloud, so their language can be more challenging than that of the "I Can Read" type of book. Second, they reach children at a vital stage, when they leave mother's arms for the wider embrace of school. The published response to this situation is most often a misty flight into flummery—old Turkish folk-tales, Serbian ballads, Spanish proverbs are shamelessly poked into some semblance of relevance with showy, expensive pictures; laborious moral stories are served up with the grandiloquent gestures more normally reserved for a civic dinner. We look first, then, at those authors who eschew such anti-didactic procedure and write with an eye to the modern child.

Inger and Lasse Sandberg are a model team: in their stories gain in confidence and interest year by year: one has the feeling they are keeping pace with the growth and development of real children. Matthew, in *The Boy with many Homes*, is everybody's son: his constructions and experiments are cordially disliked by his mother, father, elder sister and the daily help.

Matthew always felt happy in Lena's room. Instead of making a house he decided to make a beauty parlour and he spent a happy time among Lena's jars and bottles making splendid faces on himself with her lipstick and eye pencils.

Luckily for Matthew his big brother Henry takes pity on him, and together they build a house in the woods for Matthew's own. Not only is the story relevant; the pictures, with their discreet use of collage and deceptively simple human figures, give the kind of child's-eye view a five-year-old can appreciate.

Ann Thwaite is well known already for her work for older children, and with the expert help of George Him she now provides a first-rate picture book, *The Day with the Duke* concerns an ordinary family's visit to a stately home—there are resonating echoes of Woburn. The Duke himself is a dashing figure, whose Wellington nose enables the children to penetrate his various disguises. Once again, such touches as the references to "stately gates"

reflect a child's impression of the scene, and George Him is at his very best.

An agreeable tale for children in like circumstances: *John: the Mouse who Learned to Read*. The unexpected plausibility author and artist bring to their mouse's success.

Jennie Goes Riding tactfully exposes the hopes and fears of a five or six-year-old, faced with her first riding lessons: this must strike a chord in many a little girl's breast. Eleanor Schick's pictures both for this and for *City in the Summer* are observant and thoughtful. *City in the Summer* reflects a boy's malaise in the crowded, stifling city streets: even the roof is full of water tanks and chimneys and laundry. One day the boy is taken to the sea; he arrives early, and the emptiness is fine; later, crowds invade the beach as they smother the city, but the boy has had his moment of peace.

Reality begins to depart with *Dirk's Wooden Shoes*; Dirk's father is a clog-maker, and when Dirk's special clogs are sold to an American tourist, the Dutch boy runs off to try to get them back. Georgette Apol's spacious paintings give a happy impression of Dutch scenery.

The Day the Clown got stuck in the Tubo makes no attempt at realism: it is a light-hearted joke whose title tells all, with gay, lively pictures. All the glamour of show business is packed into thirty pages, through the agency of Mr. Mordecai Crabbin's tuba.

Mr. Wuzzle is the owner of a little, old roundabout. Janosch describes the excitement his arrival arouses in one small village, and paints imaginary scenes to match four children's dreams as they ride in turn on the

roundabout. *Isaac and Yussie, Sammie*: *The Boy with many Homes*, Richard Sadler, 21s. (085410009.1.)

Ann Thwaite: The Day with the Duke, illustrated by George Him, Brockhampton Press, 15s. (1340.10464.3.)

Georgette Apol: John: the Mouse who Learned to Read, Collins, 13s. 6d.

Eleanor Schick: Jennie Goes Riding, City in the Summer, Collier-Macmillan, 21s. each.

Georgette Apol: Dirk's Wooden Shoes, illustrated by Georgette Apol, Oxford University Press, 18s. (19.279639.3.)

carousal. A nice idea, ploddingly executed: one is reminded of Bunting among the fairies.

Mr. Reeves's Gratch is "a sort of a wee spirit": Mr. Horrox is an artist who paints lifelike pictures of Highland cattle, waterfalls at Glen Barr, and other traditional subjects. Just as the art-dealer from London despairs of old-fashioned Mr. Horrox, the Gratch comes to save him. Canvases covered with squiggles, all looking more or less like piles of jumbled string, are just the thing for the metropolis: "But they're most interesting", said Mr. Smart. "I like that nervous line, and your tone values are strong." Quentin Blake has had a ball, illustrating this modern fairy tale.

Now for the flummery, *Timimoto's Great Adventure* tells, with the help of exceptionally good pictures, a traditional Japanese tale about four-inch-tall Timimoto and his battle with a horrid ogre. The ogre is not particularly convincing, but Timimoto's Tom Thumb audacity, as he sails the lake in his rice-bowl boat and tackles a giant frog with his chopstick ear, is amusingly shown.

The Seven Skinny Goats to Hungarian folk-tale retells the old chestnut about the boy whose pipe sets everyone dancing. Victor Ambros has already won the Kate Greenaway medal: these drawings are up to his usual standard.

Jan Bafet sets his fable of a rich man's misery and a poor man's contentment in Mexico: the paintings in *The Fence* are so sophisticated this could really be given to grown-ups, but children will enjoy the Sunday-supplement elegance of the Mexican interiors, and the gloriously smug expressions on the pea-green faces of the rich man's children.

Victor Ambros: The Seven Skinny Goats, Blackie, 17s. 6d. (216.88680.5.)

Jan Bafet: Mr. Wuzzle, Longmans Young Books, 16s. (582.16501.N.)

James Reeves: Mr. Horrox and the Gratch, Abelard-Schuman, 18s. (200.71632.8.)

Frank Francis: Timimoto's Great Adventure, Collins, 15s.

Victor G. Ambros: The Seven Skinny Goats, Oxford University Press, 16s. (27.9543.)

Jan Bafet: The Fence, Macdonald, 21s. (136.02847.X.)

For the young, fantasy begins at home

THE practical questions and responses of children often come as a shock to their parents, but the young live in a black-and-white world; the subtle half-tones of an adult mind are only achieved by years of writing, rubbing out and re-writing on the slate of experience.

Two many children's books founder on this very fact. Adolescents think it is lovely to sit around thinking beautiful thoughts: children want action, whether it be on the simplest level of the cows going moo and the trains going choo, for two-year-olds, or in the complicated manoeuvres and counter-maneuvres of F. Nesbit and C. S. Lewis, for seven-year-olds and up. Children learn by experience, and experience does not come to those who sit around in the deep field picking daisies: it comes to the fellow holding the bat.

Ah, but we cannot all, always, all the time, hold the bat. How can books help a child to become a willing spectator on the scene? Baby Walter Mitty must somehow be distracted from *Jack the Giantkiller*: little girls, hooked already on the rags to riches romance, cannot listen to *Cinderella* for ever. How turn the infant mind in upon itself? How teach it that high adventure, can be

found at home, with no help from fairy godmothers and wand-waving?

The most recently successful sequences are as surprising as they are satisfying, and end every day life upside-down. In *Henry Explores the Jungle*, Mrs. Mahy, who has been lucky in her choice of a narrator, Jenny Williams's soup: when he stops picking daisies, he is a far from the nursery as a boy. The books mentioned here are different from one another, but they are all in common: a first vision which immediately catches itself to reader and writer, and which may in turn prove a Horatio to dream more fully of Earth, if not of Heaven.

Margaret Mahy, in *A Lion in the Meadow*, proves that even the simplest story can be as much a feast of the imagination as the most complex.

The little boy said, "Mother, there is a lion in the meadow." "Nonsense, little boy."

The little boy was so sure that there was a lion in the meadow, that he kept on saying it over and over again.

One day he went into the meadow and found a lion.

From *Henry Explores the Jungle*, by Jenny Williams, illustrated by Grahame Smith, 18s. (201.02934.1.)

For a really practical fellow, we turn to Mark Taylor and Graham Booth's *Henry Explores the Jungle*. Henry is as satisfying an identity card for boys of three and four as you could find: in this second book of adventures he takes, as before, all the proper precautions like food, flags (for marking the trail), and Laird Angus McAngus, his faithful hound to shaggy, convincing Scottie and walks off to explore the "impenetrable jungle" (the fields, and woods around his home). Of course, he does have the luck to meet a tiger, but Mr. Taylor's explanation of this happy accident is entirely proper.

Charles Keeping is an artist who tries over and over again in his beautiful books to bring his singing, spinning view of matter within reach of children, and particularly of town children shut in flats and small dark streets. *Joseph's Yard* tells of a boy who clears the junk from his yard, grubs up a stone in a corner, and plants a tiny plant: the seasons come and go, and through the plant insects and birds come to the yard: when Joseph tries to protect his plant by putting his coat over it, it withers, but each spring it puts out new green. It is interesting to compare this with last year's *The Yellow*

Flowers, by Fiona Saint, aged six (Dennis Dobson): Fiona's story is much the same, except that her flowers are killed deliberately, and not by kindness, but her point of view, as reflected by Ralph Steadman's drawings, is so much more practical: with Fiona to lead them on, perhaps children will respond to the higher glory of Charles Keeping's vision.

You might think that the vision of Eugene Ionesco would be quite beyond the focus of a small child. The fact that his *Story Number 1* is subtitled "For children under three years of age" might further lead you to suppose that this Harlin Quist picture book was rather a tiresome joke. Take it, it is, but one four-year-old at least thought it hilarious.

Little Josette (thirty-three months old) goes bounding into her parents' bedroom to say good morning. This particular morning, papa and mama are tired: last night they went out. Hung-over papa's efforts to side-track his child, with the help of the maid, and the half-baked story he tells her when he finally wakes up enough to admit defeat, set a scene that mamas and papas, with or without maids, can perfectly recognize: so can their children. Papa's story is about a little girl called Jacqueline, her mama and papa and innumerable friends and relations: the twist is that they, too, are all called Jacqueline, an idea that first crops up in *The Bold Prince Donna*. Etienne Delessert perfectly catches this fantasia of the commonplace in his surreal yet solid pictures. There are jokes for children and for parents, from the view of mama and papa groggy in bed to the multiple Jacqueline figures shown in a weird park, among fabulous beasts of enormous size on towering concrete pillars—mama Jacqueline's monkey-on-a-stick, for example, is a Sendak Wild Thing. Intellectuals will no doubt enjoy *Story Number 1* most, but any sharp-eyed person will be amused to seek out the Jacqueline-riding, as children, on a wooden horse, for example, or trotting out from beneath it, disguised as toy Greek soldiers.

Enough is enough, and a nice, soothing draught of *Winnie-the-Pooh* ("Aha!" said Pooh, practising.

"Aha! Aha! . . .") is recommended between books published by Harlin Quist. However, Etienne Delessert's *Harlin Quist: Story Number 1*, illustrated by Etienne Delessert, Harlin Quist, Distributed by W. H. Allen, 25s. (491.00990.6.)

Etienne Delessert: Harlin Quist: Story Number 1, Harlin Quist, Distributed by W. H. Allen, 25s. (491.00990.6.)

Charles Keeping: Joseph's Yard, Oxford University Press, 18s. (27.96518.)

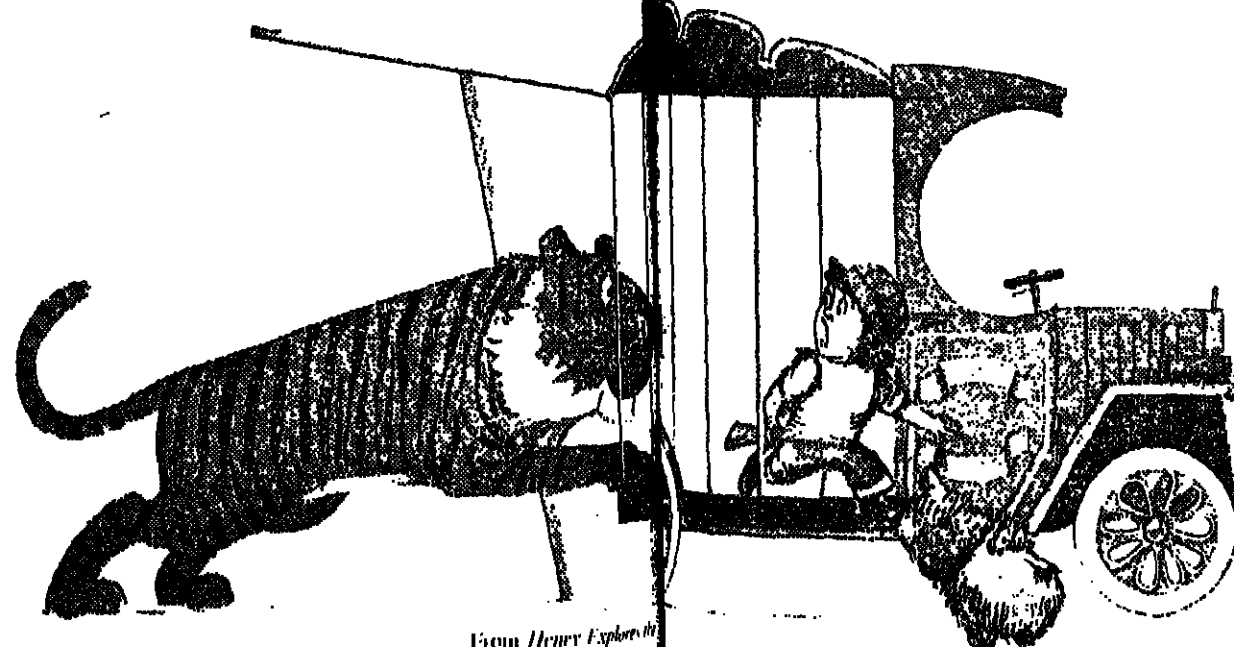
Eugene Ionesco: Story Number 1, illustrated by Etienne Delessert, Harlin Quist, Distributed by W. H. Allen, 25s. (491.00990.6.)

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Etienne Delessert: Harlin Quist: Story Number 1, Harlin Quist, Distributed by W. H. Allen, 25s. (491.00990.6.)



From *Henry Explores the Jungle*

New Children's Books from Collins

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Monica Edwards
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LUDEK PESEK

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A delightful collection of children's poems arising out of work with the Nuffield Junior Science Project. Illustrated by Elsie Wrigley. 18s

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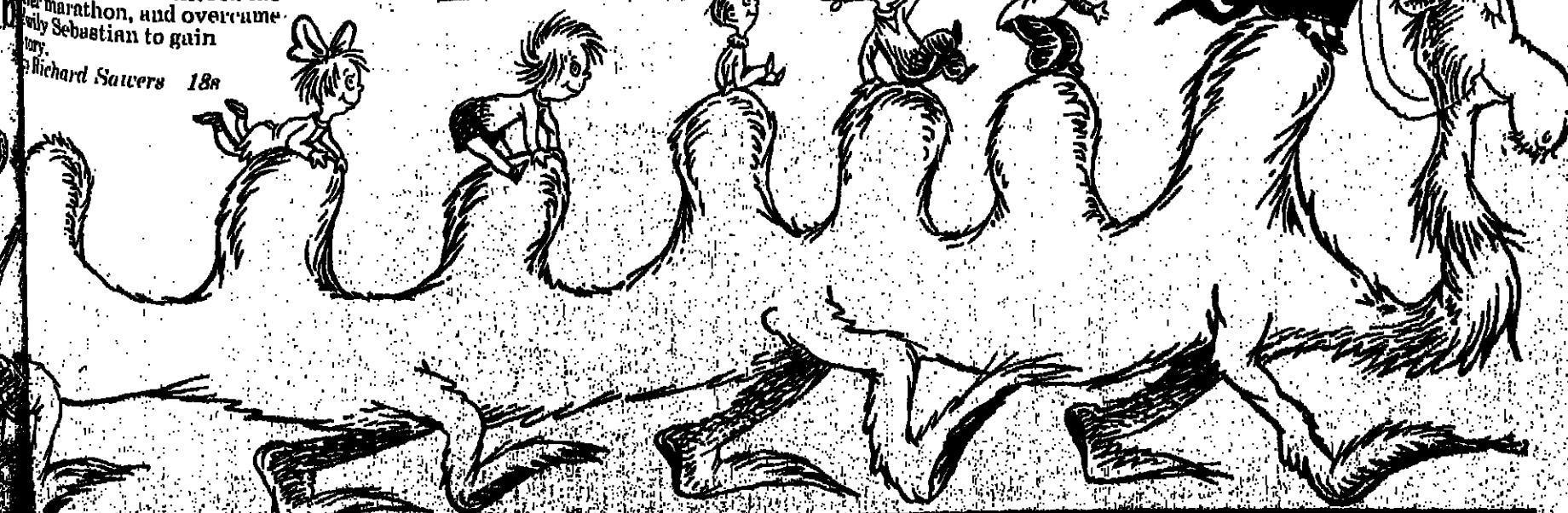


Illustration of a boy riding a large, stylized animal, from Timimoto's Great Adventure.

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(Author of *The Great Picture Robbery*) Maurice, a French mouse, takes a voyage on an iron lung and becomes involved in a great robbery committed by the simple, naïf and naïve.

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18s.

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ANN HERBERT SCOTT

"Why is it that whenever there's something I like it's always just one?" This story poetically explores the boundlessness of a child's imagination and the limits of reality.

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16s.

ALL FALLING DOWN
GENE ZION

"Snow falls down on heads and hats, on dogs on cars, on trees. The simple fact in this book is illustrated with fourteen double spread pictures in lovely colours.

Illustrated by
MARGARET BLOY
GRAHAM

21s.

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JULIAN SCHEER

A nonsense look of topsy-turvy situations, its delightful absurdities are simply for fun and whatever a child's imagination will make of them.

Illustrated by
KELLY OECHELI

16s.

CAT AND DOG

Early I CAN READ Book
No. 4
ELSE HOLMELUND
MINARIK

For the child who needs a simple book, yet one filled with action and fun, CAT AND DOG is just such a book. Whether the dog is chasing the cat, or the cat is chasing the dog on to the roof of mischief, the result is hilarious.

Illustrated by
FRITZ SIEBEL

12s.

THE CAT BOOK

MARIANNE BESSER

Highlighted by many appealing and informative drawings, here is a book that will fascinate all young cat lovers.

Illustrated by
SHANNON STIRNWEIS

21s.

Away from it all

Two new books from the other side of the world follow close on the heels of their authors' previous books, reviewed together in these pages last June. Anne de Roo's second book, *Moa Valley*, is set in a similar country to her last, the still partly unexplored hinterland of southern New Zealand. Reginald Ottery's new book, *Brumby Dust*, is set, like all his books, in the Australian outback. Miss de Roo tames her wild country. Her explorers are on holiday; even Mr. Peacock's obsession with moas is a hobby, not a way of life. In the Australian book, on the other hand, the wild remains wild. The outback is no place for holidays, and no place indeed for children.

Twenty years ago *Brumby Dust* would certainly not have found its way on to a publisher's children's list. It is a collection of stories which would have fitted comfortably into the pages of the old *Blackwood's Magazine*, stories for armchair travellers of a rougher, tougher life than they would ever actually know. But the changing climate in the children's book world and the fact that Mr. Ottery's previous books have involved children—the boy in the Yambourah books, the Bates family in his last—altogether place *Brumby Dust* rather uncomfortably as a children's book. It is a book for anyone who likes a good yarn. Certainly a lot of young people will enjoy it and it would make a good addition to Aidan Chambers's list of Five Star Books at the back of *The Reluctant Reader*. Extremely easy to read, with its short sentences and paragraphs and easy style, there is never any question of talking down. It is straight from the shoulder, slice-of-life stuff, with the writer himself in the midst of it. No outsider or observer, he is writing, one feels, not just from the sort of personal experience a journalist might claim from a few weeks' visit to the Back Country but from a lifetime's involvement with brumby horses, cattle and sheep, and with the hard-drinking, hard riding drovers, horsebreakers and prospectors.

Mr. Ottery records some fearful fights between man and horse, man and camel, man and man; but the overwhelming impression of the book is not of violence but of the rewards and satisfactions of strength, cooperation, freedom and skill. For all the flies and heat, thirst and sweat—and Mr. Ottery never romanticizes—this book should make a lot of boys want more from life than an office desk or factory floor.

Moa Valley is another sort of book: a holiday adventure in the Ransome tradition. Caves are a cliché of this type of story, but these are caves with a difference—glow-worm caves under the bush of a remote part of New Zealand—and the finding of such caves is a real possibility. It was indeed only in 1955 that an amazing new one was found near the famous Waitomo Caves in the North Island. Earthquakes come in very useful and even the trek after the extinct moa is an almost reasonable proposition when one remembers that the *takaka* was spotted in 1948 and the *kapapa* in 1961, when both were thought to be extinct. New Zealand is welcome fresh territory for the traditional type of children's story, and this one has some well-differentiated characters and natural dialogue to add to the pleasures of its setting. There are some longeurs when the children are trapped in the valley and are slowly, stone by stone, finding a way out through the caves, and the geography of the whole area is a little confusing; one would welcome a more detailed sketch-map. The artist, who has designed the attractive jacket, has really cheated in showing his own odd version of a moa: the actual ones are well-documented, as so many bones have been found, but, in this case, there really shouldn't be one at all. His flora, too, is sadly unlike New Zealand's. But, altogether, this is a better book than Miss de Roo's *The Gold Dog* and one looks forward to more New Zealand stories from her.

REGINALD OTTERY: *Brumby Dust*. Illustrated by Douglas Phillips. Collins, 16s.
ANNE DE ROO: *Moa Valley*. Rupert Hart-Davis, 21s. (246.63464.5.)

Family favourites

GOSWIMY: *Asterix and Cleopatra*. (340.0323.7). *Asterix the Gladiator*. (340.0323.1). Illustrated by Uderzo. Translated by Andrea Bell and Derek Hockridge. Brockhampton Press, 12s. each.

The first volume of the Asterix series to appear in English was *Asterix the Gaul* (reviewed in this TLS on April 3, 1969). Since then two more stories have been translated and published. *Asterix and Cleopatra* first appeared in France in 1965, not long after Elizabeth Taylor's film *Cleopatra*, of which the book is to some extent a parody (it describes itself as "The Greatest Story Ever Drawn"). We start with Ponce's remark that if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter it would have changed the course of history; we then see the lady herself: she is very beautiful, but her nose is extremely long.

Infuriated by Caesar's taunts about Egyptian decadence, and in order to prove that her people are still as great as when they built the pyramids, Cleopatra bets him that she can have a palace built in Alexandria in three months. Her architect, Balbus, an incompetent builder in spite of his grandiose schemes, knows quite well that he is not up to the job and will have to resort to magic. Otherwise he'll be for the sacred crocodiles. He calls in the aid of Asterix, Obelix and Getafix, and, in spite of Roman and Egyptian perfidy, liberal helpings of the magic Draught potion get the job done in the nick of time.

In *Asterix the Gladiator* the bard Cacofonix is captured by legionaries and sent to Rome, whence Asterix and Obelix rescue him with many

feats of strength and much biffing. This is not one of the better stories in the series. Unlike Cleopatra, custom can stale Asterix, whose variety is not infinite. But the mixture as before is all right if you like the mixture enough.

The standard of the translations remains excellent, and quite often improves on the original. Edits, for example, is a much better name for the architect than Numérobis. But it is a very great pity that English readers are going to have to get acquainted with Obelix's little dog Idéfix under the name of Dogmatix.

Head: *Popol Out West*. Translated by Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper and Michael Turner. Methuen, 12s.

Readers of the French (i.e. Belgian) edition of Tintin may have noticed among Hergé's lesser works listed on the back covers something called *Popol et Virginie au pays des Lapins*. Now republished after some thirty years and issued in an English translation, it proves to be a kind of simplified, animal version of Tintin, performed by rabbits (the Red Indian tribe of *Lapinos* or Bunno-as hero and heroine). They, Popol and Virginie, are itinerant hatters, Wild West, and traveling with a villainous but inextinguishable sky-blue Bunnookee called Bluebell. For a time the fanged bowlers and loppers, still them against the strangers, who are driven out after showing great resourcefulness and courage in war. Then they fall foul of a characteristically canine, Western badgie called

Adventure-plus

Most "holiday adventures" have little to distinguish them from each other or from many hundreds like them. They will be read and forgotten, merely adding their tiny crumbs of coral to the great barrier reef of someone's adult mind. Some have the power to create a whole new area of experience and open up a room for later use that might otherwise have remained locked.

Foxon's Hole by Joan Clarke is ostensibly an ingenious sci-fi thriller about a group of children and their feud with the director of a rather sinister research establishment which has swallowed up the Derbyshire village which was once their family home. But this is only the beginning. The complexities of the plot draw on the fields of archaeology and anthropology as well as more futuristic sciences and there is a strong comic element to offset the more chilling implications of the story.

On this superficial level alone, *Foxon's Hole* is an excellent and enjoyable book but it is also one of the rare ones in which the whole is infinitely greater than the sum of its parts. Riding roughshod over such minor weaknesses as peripheral characters so sketchily drawn as to be almost caricatures is an overall, driving sense of purpose, the utter, selfless self-absorption of the young, bent on working out their own salvation for themselves in their own way. Most of the adults are sketchy and inconsistent because that is the way the young Cronmartyrs see them. In fact it is only as objects of occasional affection or usefulness, like Uncle William or Professor Currie, or of hatred, like the unhappy Sir Flanders Shaw, that they pause to consider them at all. When they do so consider their gaze is penetrating but not wholly merciless.

Catch us Catch Can by Josephine Poole is another remarkable book where the exact nature of the thing which lifts it above the ordinary is not easy to define. The plot is simple enough. Piers and Virginia, going on holiday, witness an accident on the train which turns out to have sinister implications in which they are unwittingly involved. Perhaps the only

difference is in the quality of writing itself, and the subtle build-up of tension to a pitch of suspense, menace where melodrama seems inevitable. The book is a natural outcome. The book is a black cat "and odd, quirky, away lines like the one about grandfather clock "that would go unless it was kept twenty minutes fast, for how else could it be so present in the book, the sake? Surely they could be somehow?"

Remarkable in a quite different way is Eirik Dillon's *A Head of Steam*, a slow-moving, reflective story on the coast of Connemara and a look (or glower) at each Kennedy's soft-moulted youth, faint, broken landscapes. For year-old Peter Regan is doing his best to foster understanding. Joyce, the Argentine-born little, whose attempts to introduce a deer on to his land have led him the suspicion of his neighbours. Joyce hires him an unofficial investigator to get to the bottom of the disappearance of the deer and in the process finds himself as well as the deer.

JOAN CLARKE: *Foxon's Hole*. Collins, 25s. (224.61624.2)
JOSEPHINE POOLE: *Catch us Catch Can*. Hutchinson Junior Books, (09.09420.5)
EIRIK DILLON: *A Head of Steam*. Illustrated by Richard Kennedy and Faber, 20s. (571.09420.5)

And Also . . .

JOYCE M. BASHAW: *Beyond the Bank*. Illustrated by Geraldine Chaffin, Boyd and Oliver, (7011.02394.4)
A slight but attractive story about a lively bunch of young and old, the Halcarnians of the town, the town's long history, a constant reminder of the past. Savory has to sleep on a hillside above the town's acknowledged as Turlan's relationship with children of the ancient laws of justice are common to both races, all they have in common, Savory is at first indignant that the Turks have usurped, for the check music and the Greek

JOHN MITCHELL: *The Family at Dillabene*. Illustrated by Isama Stubbs. Collins, 15s.
DIXIE M. GIBSON: *Black Warrior*. Abner Schuman, 18s. (200.71609.3)

Both these books deal with children of peasant families in exotic places, the former in Botswana and the latter in India. In both, characters and story are sufficiently absorbing to conceal any underlying teaching there may be. The children at Dillabene live at subsistence level and long for their parents to have



It's Like This, Cat

EMILY NEVILLE

A New York boy befriends a cat, which involves him in a lot of adventures. 1964 Newbery Medal winner. illus. 11 and 18s. Dec. 4.

Gay-Neck

DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

A moving story about an Indian boy and his carrier pigeon in World War I. 1928 Newbery Medal winner. illus. 11 and 18s. Dec. 4.

Where is Martin?

IB SPANG OLSEN

Martin and his sister discover a world of fantasy in a town of down buildings inhabited by a lot of dreams and a few nightmares. T.L.S. illus. 5p. 16s.

A Chipmunk on my Shoulder

G. J. HELBEMAE

The author describes how he shares his home with a chipmunk—a lively and intelligent, mischievous creature. illus. 10 and 18p.

Angus and Robertson

Seeds of understanding

Religious and other community conflicts have always bedevilled mankind, but in the last few years they have come to a head in a series of unexpected adventures—a black cat "and odd, quirky, away lines like the one about grandfather clock "that would go unless it was kept twenty minutes fast, for how else could it be so present in the book, the sake? Surely they could be somehow?"

Remarkable in a quite different way is Eirik Dillon's *A Head of Steam*, a slow-moving, reflective story on the coast of Connemara and a look (or glower) at each Kennedy's soft-moulted youth, faint, broken landscapes. For year-old Peter Regan is doing his best to foster understanding. Joyce, the Argentine-born little, whose attempts to introduce a deer on to his land have led him the suspicion of his neighbours. Joyce hires him an unofficial investigator to get to the bottom of the disappearance of the deer and in the process finds himself as well as the deer.

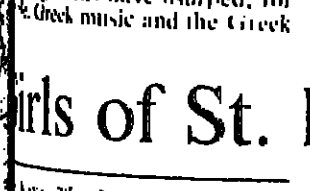
JOAN CLARKE: *Foxon's Hole*. Collins, 25s. (224.61624.2)
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And Also . . .

JOYCE M. BASHAW: *Beyond the Bank*. Illustrated by Geraldine Chaffin, Boyd and Oliver, (7011.02394.4)
A slight but attractive story about a lively bunch of young and old, the Halcarnians of the town, the town's long history, a constant reminder of the past. Savory has to sleep on a hillside above the town's acknowledged as Turlan's relationship with children of the ancient laws of justice are common to both races, all they have in common, Savory is at first indignant that the Turks have usurped, for the check music and the Greek

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GALLIPOLI

John Williams

The full story of the Gallipoli campaign, detailing the aims, action and results with a line economy of words and purpose. "When and Why" series, 2-colour line drawings. 15s. net.



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Wellington's great land victory—one of the last important set battles in history—told here with all the excitement of eye-witness detail. "When and Why" series, 2-colour line drawings. 15s. net.

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A BEGINNER'S GUIDE Colin Narbeth

An informative background to the study of British stamps which includes chapters on Printing Great Britain's Stamps, Stamps from Reign to Reign, Specialization in Machine Heads, Plating the Classics, Booklets Postmarks, etc. Illustrated with photographs. 20s. net.

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Stanley Morrison, Raymond Boll & Robert Wade

An important book which deals with important tactical aspects of the game. Subjects covered include Knight, Pawns, Squares, Discovered Check, Pawnless Check. Each chapter includes a series of practice exercises in the form of puzzles. Illustrated with diagrams. Paper covers. 8s. 6d. net. Ready early 1970.

EMILY Margaret J. Miller

Describes Emily Brontë's relationships with the different members of her amazing family and also the events of her short life. *Famous Life Stories*. 15s. net.

THE ROLLS-ROYCE MEN

John Rowland

Another new addition to the *Famous Life Stories*. 15s. net.

INSTRUMENTS OF

RELIGION AND FOLKLORE Lilla M. Fox

Describes the use of instruments in church and other places of worship; musical instruments of the Bible; bells; the organ; and the use of folk instruments in rituals and ritual dances, etc. 20s. net.

A Tyger for Christmas

M. SCILLAN has just published his second biblical poem by George Macbeth with illustrations by Margaret Gordon. It is called *Jonah and the Lord* and the poet says about it: "This is a poem about a man who was swallowed by a whale. In due course he is better for his experience." It is this and much more. It is a book about God; a God who is not a tyrannical Nodaddy nor yet a pull of smoky Spirit. He is strong, he is there, he controls all; and he enters into the lives of imperfect people like Jonah, justifies them, guides them, swallows them up, and when they have learned from their experiences (or more correctly, in the learning) renews them. God, colourful with a strange Assyrian beauty, floats in his clouds which contain every one of his thumb print. His mark. He is positively there, creating and destroying, with the help of his hail, his sun and his worm, and his startled human creatures. The storm at sea is his storm, never but beautiful, terrifying but never out of control. The surprised and nauseated fish, the cooperative worm, the penitents of Nineveh with their hands upraised and poor sulky Jonah under his gourd are his too, under his hand. The hand of God is rarely out of the pictures. When it is, the hands of men rise towards him, made in his image. Of course it is more than just a poem. It even has a text or moral, for the Lord says to Jonah: "Lament by the whale and the worm if thou wert, thou art safe from thy sins."

Doubtless there are dangers in this God-on-cloud-tossing-his-hail-about image. Dante, beguiler also of most powerful images, said once: "All good is dangerous." Young children might take

this image of God quite literally—might get stuck with it for years, or in adolescence toss it over their shoulders in a pet of disillusionment. But perhaps it is natural for them to insist on disillusionment in adolescence, whatever the religious pabulum they are fed upon when young? And perhaps the young only have that literal image of tyrant Nodaddy in the literal parts of their minds, placed there as a defence-mechanism against R.E. researchers with their curious questions? Beneath this, they may somehow divine that God is not contained in a simple image but is "hid between the opposites". At a deeper, wordless level they may know about Blake's Lamb and Tyger and the mystery of the Being who contains and created them both.

That this is not mere sentiment, those people will realize who watched a television programme on Blake's Tyger some time ago and heard the children read and discuss it with such impressive insight. Encouraged imaginatively by books as bold as George Macbeth's and Margaret Gordon's, children might continue to live in a world where God is a truth-beyond-reason remained with them, to be tossed temporarily aside in adolescence maybe, but to be recovered with renewed understanding in maturity.

Alas, most religious books for children are not bold; and when they are cautious, feeble or dry-as-dust, they begot images too. Here is a writer or an artist who says: "Let there not be Wrath, let there not be Tyger." In their books, everything is easy, and gentle, everything is little children hopefully judging the Almighty with their prayers. Or again there is a writer or an artist who says: "Let there not be Sentiment, let there not be Lamb." Their

books are more curious. They can manage violence but not wrath; for wrath must have righteousness in it and is harder to compass. They know they must eschew the pious pictures of the 1890s and the harmless pictures of the 1930s for a tougher image. But what emerges is something less rather than more than human: pseudo-Byzantine figures with corners on, like chess-men or playing-cards, purposefully going about their business round the Sea of Galilee. Faced with the first, one begins to long for the old bold bad God of Elijah and Nahum. Faced with the second, one longs simply for flesh-and-blood, for the loud griefs and joys of great King David.

Perhaps what one is really looking for is authentic delight and energy without which talk of religious experience is indeed a tale told by an idiot. Looking at one or two recent books, one finds, oddly, that there is delight and energy bubbling through—but in spite of, not because of, the so-called religious content.

The horses, the donkeys, the fishes and the ducks are living creatures; they glow and pulsate and praise God in their being. The angels in comparison are stuffed and sightless and the humans, wooden like unaccomplished actors on a stage. Why should this be? Perhaps an artist, faced with the probing challenges of child on one side and Bible on the other, must ask himself more challenging questions before he begins. Perhaps he must ask himself: What am I? What delights me? What arouses the divine wrath or the divine pity in me? Tintoretto could fashion angels in paint because he experienced them as other men experience lightning. Much could write the choruses of the disciples at the Last Supper. "Is it I? Is it I?" because their uncertain question pierced his heart. Samuel Palmer painted trees and sheep and clouds which glowed with the light of the godhead because he saw them that way.

In *Jonah and the Lord* the author

Reading for fun

IN spite of the Plowden complaints and Leila Berg's example, nearly all the new early reading books reviewed here are set in a comfortable, rural world. The children have central heating and recorders, telephones and cars and new puppies. There is not a dustbin in sight. This does not mean to say that they do not fulfil their purpose, of encouraging children to increase their word-power, not because it pays, as the *Reader's Digest* used to have it, but because it is fun. Many do.

Helen Cresswell has added two new books about Rug to Benn's "First Steps in Reading" series. It is difficult even for a writer of Miss Cresswell's talent to do much with a vocabulary of 65 words and it is rather a waste that Rug, who is an oddity, a talking teddybear, actually says nothing in *Rug Plays Ball* and nothing more exciting than "I like picnics" and "Go away rain" in the other book. All the same, they are gay, welcoming books with their bulgy pictures and might well be, for some children, the first books to be finished proudly alone.

Of course, a bright child will soon learn these brief books off by heart and pretending to read is the first step to reading. Encouragers of this useful deception are the Dick Bruna books—a revised, smaller version of *I Can Read* and a new one, *I Can Read More*. The pictures, of a cat instead of a bed and a spoon instead of a knife, show just how small these readers are supposed to be.

For children not much older, there are Burke's "Read for Fun" Stage One books. *The Clown* is a feeble fantasy about a clown who cries when he is happy. The text seems merely an excuse for some rather unusual pictures. No child would find the story worth the effort to decipher it. This is *Peter*, this is *June*, on the other hand, is immensely satisfying with its simple repetitive pattern and its closely related words and text. June and Peter are dressing up in unusual clothes. It would be a slow child who couldn't read "unusual" for himself by the fifteenth repetition and "unusual" seems a particularly good word to be able to read. The two other "Read for Fun" books are for slightly more skilled readers. Like the last one, they are translations but the fact is never obvious. *The New Bridge* has nice, funny, detailed pictures of the building of a bridge. *I Don't Want To* said Sara is one of the few in the whole batch which stands up as a picture book in its own right, the logic of its very pleasing fantasy only marred towards the end. Sara, as the title suggests, rarely says anything but "I don't want to". Children will enjoy the number of different situations in which she says those simple words.

Helen Cresswell has another title in Benn's "Beginning to Read" series. Jones is a rather nice name for a rabbit and he looks a rabbit of character in Margaret Gordon's illustrations. His peculiarity is that he won't live in a burrow; other animals suggest other possibilities—nests, cubbies and so on. The repeated phrase this time is "It won't do" but he finally ends up well satisfied with a haystack. In *Benjie the Circus Dog*, the phrase is "Benjie will not jump", through the hoop, that is. The reason turns out to be the yawning mouth of the tiger. In spite of the tiger, this is a very easy book, with a jolly array of traditional circus characters, illustrated by Val Biro, and no suggestion, of course, that anyone might raise a stick to the reluctant jumper. *Roundabout* Picture by Margery Gill but unfortunately the text allows for very little variety. Young recorder players will enjoy the story, while realizing it is unlikely that anyone could have heard Mark's music above the Balloon Man's singing. *David Goes Fishing* is ruined by very unsatisfactory illustrations by Holbauer. The hero has as many different faces as there are pages in the book.

P. D. Eastman's *The Best Nest* is in the usual tradition of the "Beginner Books"—racy rather than cosy. Mrs. Bird is tired of her old nest. She wants to look for a new place. She ticks off Mr. Bird good and proper for asserting that "In all the world my nest is best". But in the end she has to agree that there's no place like home, or no nest like an old nest. Though Habitual adults may shudder at the pictures, it should certainly get their children reading.

The World's Work "I Can Read" series has the advantage of two marvellous artists. Maurice Sendak's pictures almost save *No Fighting, No Biting!* but not quite. The collaboration with Else Holmelund Minarik, which produced the Little Bear books, has this time come up with a

HELEN CRESSWELL: *Rug Plays Ball* (510.11840.2), *Rug and a Picnic* (510.11836.4), illustrated by Susanna Greiz, Benn, 7s. 6d. each.

DICK BRUNA: *I Can Read* (416.15850.1), *I Can Read More* (416.15860.9), Methuen, 7s. 6d. each.

PETER JOYCE: *The Clown* (222.99153.4), *June* (222.99159.3), *Peter* (222.99159.3), illustrated by Kaj Beckman.

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Modern baby's bookshelf



From *Maggie in the Snow*

any's bookshelf is better than half-a-dozen favourites, and true, are much more interesting than a new book every year. But when the time comes to the store, there is a choice—hundreds of identical stories, all of them lovingly drawn, all of them given over to the same old story.

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so on) carry their ears—a slight enough tale, but beautifully drawn; the Duvoisin trick of showing the passage of time by the progress of a caterpillar along a wall, or a fly across a pig's back, has never been brought off better.

Quentin Blake is another sparkling artist whose stories are sometimes inadequate. His innocent paintings perfectly set off John Yeoman's *The Bear's Winter House*, a charming little tale about a nice, quiet bear whose attempts to hibernate are thwarted by jolly, live-wire pig and his party-loving playmates—a squirrel, a hen and a hedgehog. The patient agony of the bear, as the hen sits singing on his head, is a sight to see.

Another bear looms: this time from Japan: *Mr. Bear in the Air* is this particular bear's third adventure, and should win him new friends and please those already committed. Chizuko Kuratomi's ungainly hero is an adventurous chap; his earlier buffeting at sea have obviously acted as a spur to his latest ambition, to build and fly his own plane. Mr. Bear does fly his ramshackle machine, and the artist misses no opportunity provided by the words: the shadow of Mr. Bear's little plane, moving across the fields, is only one of the visual pleasures.

Back at home, those parents who think their young actually prefer to look at pictures of their own species will be happy to hear that Jane

Hollowood's small human heroine Maggie is with us again. Maggie, an updated Amelie, is five or six years old, and usually lumbered with her two-year-old brother Noah. She lives with her Mum and Dad in "a gaily painted caravan and an old patched tent", and makes her own fun. In the earlier books she visits a fair with 15, 6d. to spend (*Maggie and the Roundabout*), and is caught stealing by her Dad (*Maggie and the Chickens*) in her attempts to provide nourishment for the family pot; the new books find her drifting downstream with Noah on a home-made raft (*Maggie and the Birthday Surprise*), and losing her temper with her baby brother in *Maggie in the Snow*. There are many nice things about these books: they are simple, credible glimpses of a real child, their small dramas reflect the flaws in Maggie's well-meaning but fallible nature, they are a quarter of the size of most of the other books, and less than half the price.

ROGER DUVOISIN: *Donkey-donkey*, Chatto, Boyd and Oliver, 14s. (7011.0255.3).

JOHN YEOMAN and QUENTIN BLAKE: *The Bear's Winter House*, Blackie, 17s. 6d. (216.880.6).

CHIZUKO KURATOMI: *Mr. Bear in the Air*, illustrated by Kozo Kakimoto, Macdonald, 19s. (356.0266.3).

JANE HOLLOWOOD: *Maggie and the Birthday Surprise*, (7011.0257.8), *Maggie in the Snow*, (7011.0258.6), Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d. each.

Agency child's choice

W. W. TUCK: *Stories from Old English Children's Books*, Longmans, 12s. 6d. (359.08.1).

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Darkest Yiktor

ANDRÉ NORTON: *Moon of Three Rings*, Longmans, Young Books, 21s. (582.15510.X).

Off-world transplant Krip Vorlund, assistant carman on the Free Trader Lydis, came to the planet Yiktor on business. He could scarcely have foreseen that on that feudal world he would lose not his life but his body. It was malice rather than bad luck which got him involved with Maelen, Moon Singer and expert beast handler. Out of that meeting came great agony and tragedy and also a deeper understanding of the mysteries of life. With the help of Maelen's powers, at their greatest in the nights when the moon has three rings, Krip escaped from his tortured and doomed body into the hairy frame of a bask—a hitherto untamed wild animal with wolf-like characteristics. After this memorable experience his spirit survived a further transplant, entering the body of a Thassa, related by marriage to the talented Maelen, while in the last stages of the complicated adventure Maelen herself, understandably worn out by all this spiritual surgery, abandoned her beautiful tired body in favour of the furry, big-eared body of one of her "little people".

It is André Norton's magic that such stories as this, muddled and ridiculous in summary, are entirely convincing and indeed moving. The reader identifies painfully and totally with the luckless Free Trader and his marvellous guide through the grim deserts of Yiktor. Part of her secret lies in narrative. She is a most powerful story-teller, and somehow the extraordinary contorted prose in which she chooses to dress the action contributes to the tension instead—

as one might expect—of bogging it down in agonized syntax. Then there is the completeness of her invention. One can have no doubt that Miss Norton knows these distant worlds at first hand and can classify without hesitation their mores as well as their flora and fauna.

Like much of Miss Norton's work *Moon of Three Rings* is not, in the precise sense, science fiction. It is entirely, and blessedly, free of the technological mumbo-jumbo of the genre. Yiktor is a feudal society, as lawless and superstition-riddled as the darkest of Europe's centuries. It one has to put a label to the book, it is an allegorical fantasy set in a sketchy space-fiction frame. Better, perhaps, to think of it just as a grand yarn, deepened with philosophical undertones and enriched with a deep and sensitive understanding. As always, Miss Norton is at her best with animals, and her hero, trapped in an animal body and thinking at least half like an animal, is her most brilliant as well as her most improbable invention.

And Also

LIVAN WATERS: *Nearly Neptune*, Faber and Faber, 18s. (571.09111.3).

The theme is hypothermia, with the intrepid crew of four under Chris Godfrey (who have featured in many other books by Hugh Walters) on the enormously long journey to Neptune. Proven most of the way, when the system breaks down, they are faced by the desperate problem of consciousness and lack of ration. It alone knowing what to do with the spaceship. The devices they use, the courage they show, and the interplay of communication with the control on earth, make an exciting story, and the combination of intelligible technical detail with genuine suspense is skilfully sustained.

ward lock



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BOOK NEWS

Donald Bisset adds a post-script to our reviewer's comments on Chukovsky on page 1391. He writes:

I was in Moscow at the beginning of November as a guest of the U.S.S.R.'s Writers' Union. While I was there, Korney Chukovsky died, and the writers of the U.S.S.R., especially the children's writers of Moscow and Leningrad, were very sad. As writer, critic and mentor Chukovsky had been like a father to many of them, for whatever we feel for children's writers here, it is not so deep or universal as the honour accorded to them in the Soviet Union.

His coffin lay in state on the platform of the big hall of the Moscow Writers' Club. It was covered with a red flag and flowers, his Doctor's hat and medals, and above it was a recent photograph of him walking in the park. The hall was filled to overflowing. Some dozen writers spoke, introduced by Vitali Ozerov. Then, with Chukovsky's daughter standing behind the coffin, people filed past and left slowly.

There was a crowd outside in the snow, controlled by the police in their newly-designed uniforms. Two lorries draped in red, full of flowers, waited to take his coffin to the cemetery outside Moscow.

I did not go to the cemetery. "How was it?" I asked a writer on his return. "Cold!" he said. "Very cold!"

The December issue of *Elizabethan* gives the names of the winners of the first Children's Book Competition to be instigated by the magazine. The books considered were in the reading-age range of 11 to 17, fiction and non-fiction. The Gold Medal for fiction went to *Isle of the Sea Horse* by H. F. Brinsmead (Oxford University Press); the Silver Medal to *Peter and Hunch* by Ivan Shipson (Longmans); "Young Books" both Australian writers; and the Bronze to *Pinocchio* by David Walker (Collins). In the non-fiction class the Gold Medal was awarded to Jessica Kerr for *Shakespeare's Flowers*, illustrated by Anne Dowden (Longmans Young Books); and the Silver and Bronze to *The Overland Launch* by C. Walter Hodges (Bell) and *Early Life in Early India* by Michael Edwards (Basilford), respectively.

Public libraries continue to give the soundest and most profitable guidance on children's general reading. Recent lists include a new revision of Part I of *Books for Young People*, issued by the Libraries Board of South Australia in Adelaide. This reliable basic list of fiction and non-fiction, for children up to 13 has been going for 10 years. All but a handful of the books included are published under British imprints.

At home, the Children's Librarian or Whitire has brought out for the

Youth Libraries Group of the Library Association *Buy, Beg or Borrow*, a choice of 100 books for children of all ages. An authoritative and manageable survey of the field.

Hertfordshire County Library—always in the van of library provision for children and young people—has many activities on foot for the Christmas season. Among these there is to be a Children's Christmas Book Fair at Stevenage College from Wednesday, November 26, to Friday, December 12; Monday-Friday, 4.30-7.30. An attractive illustrated booklet, *Books Chosen for Children*, has been prepared to complement the exhibition.

The periodical play referred to in the front-page article of this issue is edited by Gwyneth Surdial, David Peel and Michael Segal. Play is owned and published by Inter-Action Trust, described as "a charitable trust concerned with making the arts relevant to the community". Their address is 156, Malden Road, London, N.W.5. "Young and iconoclastic; worth watching" was one verdict on the early issue.

Home helps

SEPTIMA: Something to Do, Collins, 25s. *SEPTIMA and ALBERT: Child's Play*, Dant, 16s. (460.057731).

ROMEO FANTASTIC: How-to-do Puppets, (17.28032.5) *How-to-do Odds and Ends*, (17.218003.3) Nelson, 8s. each.

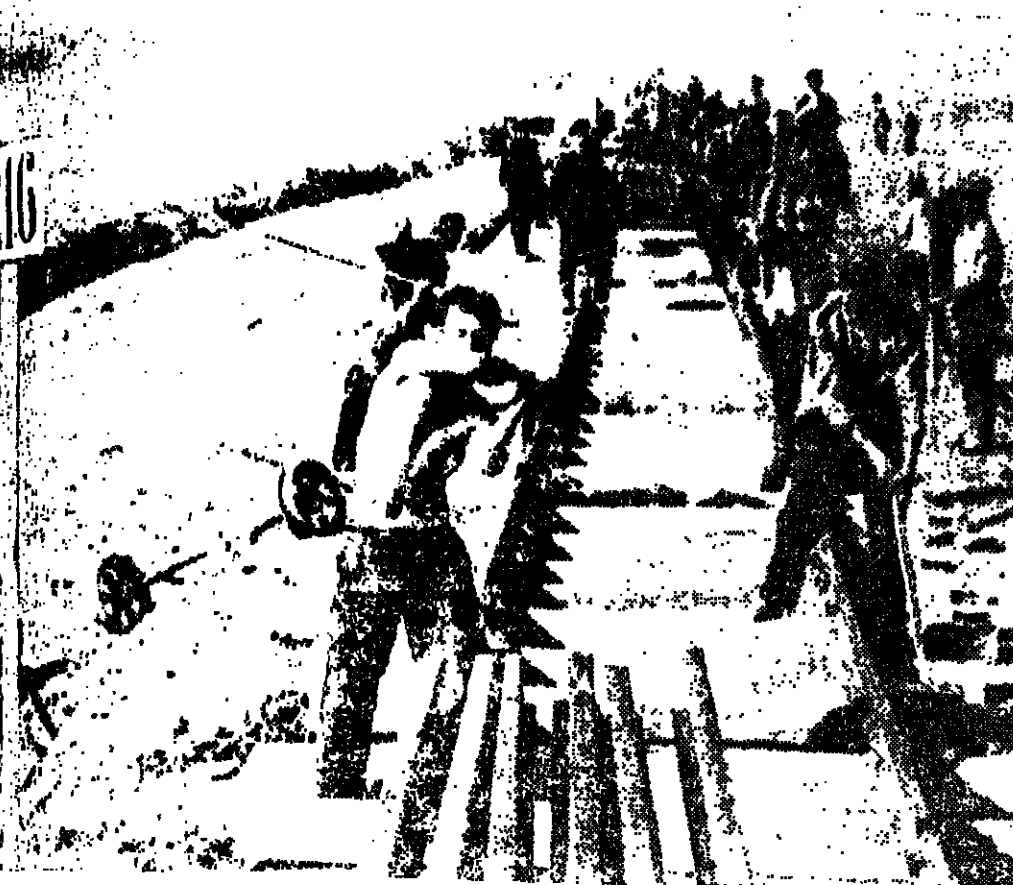
The Septima team of seven mothers is already known for *Something to Do*, first published in paperback and now, in a strange progression, proving so popular that Collins have produced it in hardback. *Child's Play*, the team's second book, consists of rhymes, games and simple occupations, rather than hobbies, and the age group catered for is younger. The book is intended as an aid to mothers with small children and it is to them that the text is addressed. The bright pictures by four illustrators, which decorate every page, are child-oriented but they will also encourage mother to make the pipe-cleaner puppets, the toilet-roll money box, the date-box boat. There are sensible suggestions about materials, both basic ones to be bought and oddments to be saved or scrounged.

How-to-do Puppets is a jolly guide which shows, with step-by-step instructions and bright pictures how to make and use simple hand and shadow puppets. The equipment is inexpensive, the work within the capabilities of children, the presentation persuasive. *How-to-do Odds and Ends* is basically a simple craft book, using materials likely to be found in most homes. The approach is simple, the activities offered include making a model village, a mosaic, a peep show and a model theatre.

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Workmen at work on the Trans-Siberian railway, 1927. Below: Oilwells at Baku

The Soviet slog

Edward Hallett Carr and R. W. Davies

Foundations of a Planned Economy, 1926-1929. Volume 1: 452pp. Volume 2: pp.453-1023. Macmillan, £14 the set.

to the outside investigator and scholar.

The widening gap and the opposed, conflicting aims between the Communist Party as the ruler, and the large groups of people concentrated in the private sector of the economy, mostly in agriculture, first gave the impression of a divided country, a leadership searching for solutions to complicated problems, and almost floundering in the process. The Party was on the verge of concluding its hand and bitter inner struggle with the opposition of Trotsky, when new and greater dangers loomed ahead. The new state industries, still limited in scope, were unable to provide sufficient goods for the peasantry and the towns; while the vast majority of agriculture, concentrated in small peasant households living near subsistence level, had a very limited amount of grain available to the industrial enterprises springing up in them. At the same time the thrifty and ruthless peasants—those who became known by the Russian word *kulak*—grew richer, acquired the best land and were beginning to exert pressure on the state organs. The N.E.P. had succeeded in rearing a monster in the countryside.

Economic Policy introduced in 1921 created new problems, which were seen at the time. This led to a cleavage and alienation between the state and its opposing interests in agriculture. Hence, the enterprise, be it in industry or agriculture, was to be rich in the two volumes of *Foundations of a Planned Economy* seems to be rich in a kind of "twilight" heavy curtain fell in 1929, which is there a landmark for the Soviet Union. After a long period of fog, almost impenetrable on Russia, and the country virtually terra incognita.

to region and from one period to another.

The traditional policy of the Bolsheviks was to form an alliance between the poor peasants and the indefinable middle peasants against the encroaching acquisitiveness of the rich. This was Lenin's view before the Revolution. After the N.E.P. was introduced Soviet policy was, for a number of years, to encourage the peasantry, without emphasizing too much the differentiation within the villages. The slogan was: "Enrich yourselves."

In July, 1926, Trotsky and Zinoviev, having joined forces and formed the "United Opposition", put forward the demand for a more rapid industrialization, at the same time pointing out that "in questions of agricultural policy the danger of a shift in favour of the upper strata in the countryside is becoming more and more clearly defined". The Opposition concentrated its attacks on the economic policies which helped the kulak. One of the most prominent members of the Opposition, Ivan Smilga, mentioned that "the equilibrium between town and country has been destroyed in favour of the latter". The Opposition demanded an all-out attack against the kulaks.

Stalin at that time was working closely with the group of Bukharin, Rykov, and Tomsky—the chief theoretician of the party, the prime minister, and the leader of the trade unions respectively: quite an influential quadrumvirate. Fortunately, the harvest of 1926 was far better than expected, and the fears of the Opposition were not justified. Bukharin, on behalf of the ruling group in the party, argued against the demands of the Opposition for an intensified industrialization and

against higher prices for industrial commodities, and was immensely pleased with the results of "pacification of the peasantry and the mass of the middle peasants". He went much farther in claiming that the Soviet Government, by controlling the levers of power, had "mastered" the kulak. Echoing similar sentiments, Mikoyan could exclaim:

We have achieved a position in which the peasant element, the peasant grain market, is wholly and entirely in our hands; we can at any moment lower or raise grain prices, we have all the levers of action in our hands.

Though Bukharin and Mikoyan, as well as Stalin and Molotov, were using similar arguments at the time against the Opposition, they argued from different premises. Bukharin felt that as long as power resided in the Communist Party it could control the economy, and suppress any hostile tendency of the state. Later, Bukharin was to argue that the kulak was not dangerous in himself: "We can shoot him down with machine guns, and he cannot shake our country", the mild and soft-spoken theoretician declared in July, 1928. That is, the centralized power had the upper hand over the mass of peasantry, who remained unorganized and disunited.

It was not accidental that in 1928 one of Bukharin's chief disciples, Maretsky—in his biographical study of Bukharin in the first edition of the *Bolshevik Sovetskaya Ensklopediya*—claimed that, in the dispute between Lenin and Bukharin whether the state explodes from inner contradictions or from outside, Lenin admitted that Bukharin was right when he said that the state only explodes from outer pressure. No trace of such an admission can be found in Lenin, yet it was publicly stated in such an important work.

Further, Bukharin believed that Soviet Russia was not imminently threatened by war, and could take its time in building up its industrial base slowly. Stalin and his associates at first supported the Bukharin line, but the authors of the work under review argue that they were being pushed to extremes by the declining state of agriculture and the growing aggressiveness of the kulaks. In a memorable phrase the supreme master of beautiful phrases, Trotsky, declared that "the kulak, the small trader, the petty bourgeois is knocking at the door of politics".

Trotsky's and the Opposition's pessimistic views were not fulfilled in 1926 when the harvest turned out to be good; but when agricultural produce declined in 1927, and fell further during 1928-29, his views proved prophetic. Even in 1926 crops used for industrial purposes declined, e.g. cotton, sugar beet, sunflower seeds, potatoes, hemp and tobacco.

During 1927 the collection of grain fell. The state had to buy competing with its own official collections; the kulaks preferred to sell the crop on the black market and have it ground in private mills; flour was marketed through private channels and financed by private credit.

In 1925-26 the state bodies collected just over 70 per cent of the grain; in 1926-27 this fell to just over 63 per cent; during 1927-28 the decline was very sharp, to just under 55 per cent; and the following year it fell to a catastrophic 26 per cent. The peasantry were dissatisfied with Soviet policy in industry; they were hoarding the grain, refusing to sell it, and in many cases resorting to the destruction of animals. The kulaks, furthermore, dominated the rest of the peasantry in the countryside. Economists like Krilman and Bukharin pointed out that the kulaks had advantages over the poor peasants, and were "the bearers of progress in agriculture"—"The Kulak has an advantage on his side; cultural, political experience."

The Communist Party suddenly woke up to the growing danger of the kulaks. The alarm was sounded. Everybody agreed that the kulak had to be clipped, but how? About this the leading group of communists disagreed. At first the Communist Party advocated the alliance of the poor and middle peasants against the kulaks, and the lack of winning them over to enter either the state farms—*Sovkhoz*—or, to form large cooperative collective farms

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Window on the world

KENNETH CLARK: *Civilisation: A Personal View*. 359pp. B.B.C. Publications and John Murray. £4 4s.

Civilisation is derived from the scripts of the already famous series of television programmes given by Lord Clark in the spring of 1969. "Derived" is the right word, for though the book has been published remarkably soon after the production of the programmes, the text has been skilfully adapted to suit a reader's eye. The author truly says in his foreword that "writing for television is fundamentally different from writing a book, not only in style and presentation, but in the whole approach to the subject". This book reads like a book, not like a script compiled from lecture notes: the text does not betray the fact that it is not the original version.

Some composers have made music that could not be rendered as the composer intended it to be by any instrument that was yet in existence in the composer's lifetime. Lord Clark has been fortunate in his generation. Television has given him an adequate instrument for conveying what he has wanted to say to the listener, to play for the listener's ear, and to display to the listener's eye. Television has also given him an enormous audience, and his relation with his audience was a happy one from the start. The audience was as much delighted to receive what he was giving as he enjoyed giving it, and no doubt the B.B.C. was equally glad to see its instrument being put to such an admirable use.

What Lord Clark had to convey was multi-dimensional, and no medium, before the invention of

television, could have met all his needs. He was able to make himself visible and audible, standing in the place—say, a seventeenth-century piece of Rome—about which he was talking. He could show buildings and pictures—not reproductions of them, but the realities—and he could hearken contemporary music to recreate the emotional atmosphere of his theme. While he is also conscious of the limitations of a television series, particularly the shortness of the time at his disposal, he rejoices in the merits of this medium; and he is so painfully conscious of the greater limitations of print and illustration that we have won this book from him only "by the skin of our teeth" (the title of the book's first chapter). Yet, if he had decided not to publish the book, this would have been a grievous loss for the reading public. Presumably a television programme, once produced, can be replayed any number of times, and this series surely will be. Yet the pressure on the time of television channels is so great that there is plenty of scope for a book as well; for a book is a more handy vehicle. The reader can pick it up, start and stop at will, turn the pages to compare one passage with another, and perhaps use this book in conjunction with a dozen others within reach of his table. In fact, television has supplemented books but has not put them out of action.

In this book, and in the foregoing series of television programmes, Lord Clark has used his mastery of knowledge and understanding of the arts of the Western civilization to describe and appraise its creative achievements. He opens his knowledge, like a window through which his viewer-listener, and now his

information which the author immediately shows to be irrelevant when he declares: "Except that each book covered a war and that their interpenetrations of the wars were spontaneous, the books are totally unlike." On the other hand, the name of César Vallejo, Latin America's greatest poet, does not appear, nor do those of major contemporary novelists like Mario Vargas Llosa, Julio Cortázar, Onetti and García Márquez. Now, whatever their merits or demerits, these contemporary writers are making a considerable effort to delve beneath the surface of legend and cliché to show something more than a stereotype of Latin America.

The most revealing aspect of *Latin America: A Cultural History*, indeed, is that it stops short at about 1930 (with a few passing references to contemporary writers of the generation of Miguel Angel Asturias and Alejo Carpentier) and that it lays heavy stress on the romantic and exotic aspects. The Spanish title of the work was *El continente de siete colores* and the "colours" of the work is transposed into a florid prose style and the selection of picturesque and anecdotal material. The romantic bias is clearest in the final chapter, "Appointment with Necromancy," which attributes a wide variety of phenomena to the influence of the "magic of three worlds"—Spanish, Indian and Negro: "The mystery, the mazes, the poetry, the complexities and bold deeds, were nourished on such juices. There is something in Latin America which can be explained only by the inexplicable."

Even the history of Latin America is said to have shown "a special predisposition towards the black arts". Thus *caudillismo* is said to depend on "its mystique, its secrecy," to "its plans covering many years" and to "its magical numbers". It may be comforting, but it is hardly helpful, to attribute Castro's influence to "magic". Sr. Arciniegas is either carried away by his own romantic imagination or, to be less charitable, he is deliberately trying to mystify his readers.

readers too, can catch a vision of the whole gamut of life in the Western World from the collapse of the Roman Empire down to the nineteenth-century impressionist school of painters. He carries his story down as near to the present day as his own beliefs and sympathies can accompany it. The last two pages, in which he runs his colours up to his masthead, are as interesting as the first page of his foreword (none of the intervening pages are dull). He is slightly uneasy about his title. He is well aware that the West's word has not been the only word, and that it is unlikely to be the last word—unless, of course, our new "shadowy companion" consigns mankind abruptly to darkness and silence. Perhaps the title of the first chapter, "The Skin of our Teeth," might have done duty for the book as a whole. It is, indeed, astonishing that civilization should ever have sprouted again in that dead end of the Old World in which some meagre seeds of civilization had been scattered thinly by the Greco-Roman civilization in an age in which this had already gone stale. In an illuminating passage, the author points out that tenth-century Western Europe does not look barbarous when viewed through the window of art—as it does when it is tested by its performance in literature and in politics.

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Recapitulations

HITLER: *Mein Kampf*. Introduction by D. G. Watt. Translated by Hugh Macmillan. 629pp. Hutchinson. 10s.

In his introduction to the latest translation, Dr. Watt makes use of recent discoveries about Hitler's life. He also emphasizes how small at first was the sale of the book. Then, in 1930, propaganda and all the arts of a demagogue of genius brought a huge increase for votes for the Party. So that by the end of 1933, the year after the Nazis secured power, a million and a half copies were sold in Germany. In the next few years the book was a constant best-seller, made known all over the world by translations into fourteen languages.

The publishers say that objections were raised to a new edition, especially by Germans, who feared that its late-propaganda might influence young people today, and even more that it would be shown up as a typical product of the German character. But Dr. Watt says there need be no fear of such consequences: "The plague has run its course; it is now for the scientists to isolate and examine the bacillus." Hitler, he says, was not the product of Germany, but of the Habsburgs' Austria-Hungary, and of the revolution the latter caused in a young man of tendencies that even then bordered on the psychopathic.

The translator provides an interesting analysis of Hitler's literary style. It was, he says, that of "a self-educated modern South German with a gift of oratory", possessing a voracious appetite for reading the Austrian newspapers of his day, which were often "slovenly, illogical and pretentious".

